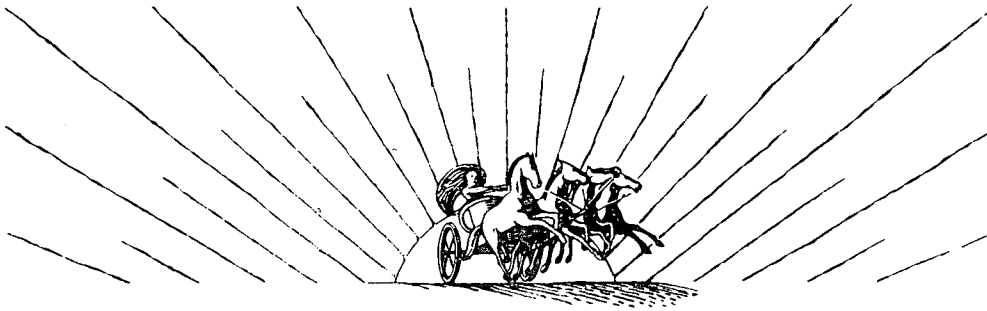


THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Contents for September 25, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD 651

THE LEAGUE CRISIS: A DEBATE . *Angelo Treves and Rabano Mauro* 657
How Milan Socialists See Geneva

BRITISH INDUSTRY'S PARLOUS PLIGHT . . . *A 'Statist' Leader* 661
A Gloomy Review of Strike Effects

ALLIES AT ODDS . . *Major-General Michael V. Vorner, Retired* 664
When Berlin and Vienna Fought for Food

HOW MUSSOLINI LEFT THE SOCIALISTS . . . . *Maria Rygier* 668
A Chapter in Propaganda Tactics

A JOURNEY TO ABYSSINIA. III . . . . . *Jean d'Esme* 670
High Life in an African Capital

GALSWORTHY'S NEW PLAY . . . . . *St. John Ervine* 673
Theatrical Dice Loading

THE MOTHERS OF THE MOB . . . . . *Tarlton Rayment* 677
A Kangaroo Story

'NATURE': A LITERARY FIND . . . . . *Goethe and Huxley* 681
Poet and Scientist in Chorus

FROM A BALCONY . . . . . *James F. Courage* 684
A Story of Autumnal Love

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS 690

BOOKS ABROAD 694

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 696

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

15¢ A COPY *The Living Age Company, Boston* $5 A YEAR

NEW HARVARD BOOKS

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL PRICES

By James W. Angell

Basing his work upon a thorough investigation into the earlier English and Continental theories of international prices, Professor Angell of Columbia University here considers from a twentieth-century point of view the conditions that govern international exchange. At every point he takes into account the nature of present-day banking and finance, the effects of widespread speculation in the currency and exchanges, and the many other unprecedented phenomena the world has witnessed since 1914. His deductions will naturally awaken discussion both among bankers and among students of economics. *Harvard Economic Studies 28.* $5.00

CONGRESS: AN EXPLANATION

By Robert Luce

Even to the well-informed citizen of the Republic there is so much mystery about the practical workings of our Federal legislative machinery, that Mr. Luce's little volume will have an almost universal appeal. The author, who is the Representative of the Thirteenth District of Massachusetts, treats of such topics as the introduction of bills, the workings of committees, procedure on the floor, the increase of law-making, appropriations of public moneys, and leadership in government. In addition, he makes several criticisms of this branch of our government and suggestions for its more effective functioning. $1.50

THE EARLY ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

By Kenneth J. Conant

For centuries the shrine and cathedral of St. James at Compostela in Spain were the goal of religious pilgrims; but although there is an abundance of literary material on the subject, almost nothing has been published about the architectural history of the church. Professor Conant's volume traces the development of the building and makes as clear as may be what it was like when the mediaeval palmers were flocking to it from far and near. The book is fully illustrated from photographs, measured drawings, and plans. $5.00

THE WRITINGS AND LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH

By Mary Sturge Gretton

"Mrs. Sturge Gretton's is the book of a life-long admirer of Meredith's work, a friend of Meredith in person, who looks back over the war and all else that has marked off our times from his and sees his light shining steadily above all the turmoil and the change. . . . Her task is to educe once more, in the new conditions, the truth and beauty that Meredith always held, always will hold, for those who looked for them. . . . A sympathetic and discriminating book." —*London Times.* $2.50

DELUSION AND BELIEF

By C. Macfie Campbell, M.D.

Quality of human life is the goal stressed in these chapters by Dr. C. Macfie Campbell, a noted exponent of the new science of health. He points out how beliefs (and their opposites, delusions) affect our adjustment to environment, and he indicates by example and precept how one may attain a sane mind in a sound body. His final chapter on "The Mental Health of the Individual and the Group" is a far-reaching and stimulating consideration of psychotherapy, mental healing, Christian Science, and other attempts to attain mental health. $1.50

Readers of The Living Age should send for our new Autumn Announcement Catalogue

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

31 RANDALL HALL CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

PROQUEST 2009 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATESMEN AND SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice

With illustrations. 8vo. Cloth.

From a talk with Lord Kitchener came the inspiration for "these studies of the relations between statesmen and soldiers during a prolonged war."

Drawing frequent analogies between the Civil War and the World War, General Maurice gives us invaluable critical insight into the aims, knowledge, mistakes, and personalities of Lee, Grant, Johnston, McClellan, their strategy in the field, their success or failure in giving their governments military advice. Not a whit less illuminating are the comments on the training, character, and statesmanship of Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, the relations of each with his generals, the problems and policies of each as a political authority responsible for a warring state.

The author of a distinguished life of Lee writes as a military expert discussing the main figures and forces of the Civil War, seeking to explain the lessons of statesmanship and government to be learned from the history of that period and linking it with certain aspects of the World War.

$3.00 *Ready October 22*

CAUSES AND THEIR CHAMPIONS

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

With illustrations. Crown 8vo. Linen, with paper label.

In this volume eight causes — reforms and forward movements affecting contemporary life in America — are discussed, each in special relation to the life and work of the man or woman most clearly identified with the cause. Thus is presented a group of engrossing biographical studies against a background of the history of reform — a blending of history and biography.

Mr. Howe writes of an amazing variety of people and movements. Clara Barton, expressing through the Red Cross the national spirit of philanthropy; the Rockefellers, who use great wealth in a new way; Frances E. Willard, and her fight for Temperance; Phillips Brooks, urging religious tolerance; Samuel Gompers and the Labor Movement; Susan B. Anthony, woman suffragist; Booker T. Washington, leading his people up from slavery; Woodrow Wilson and the completion of a century of the American Peace Movement.

Mr. Howe's ability to make such subjects appealing will not be questioned by those who know his many biographical successes.

$4.00 *Now ready*

Please add 10c per volume for postage L.A. 9-25

ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP · 8 Arlington Street · Boston

Gentlemen: Enclosed find ..... Send ..... to

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Guide Post

Italy has never been strong for the League, and Italians would be inclined to debate the subject only in a mildly Radical review like *Critica Sociale*. Angelo Treves presents what is unquestionably the opinion of the average man in the street in any Latin-Catholic country, where the Church is associated, at any rate in people's minds, with politics. Rabano Mauro's point of view is more in harmony with the convictions of the paper for which he is writing. There is still a semiarticulate minority in Italy who were nourished on the same Marxian principles as Mussolini but who have stuck to them and continue to believe that the world is run by economics.

* * *

Corresponding to our own *Wall Street Journal*, the London *Statist* gives a weekly account of the world of money and trade. It is matter-of-fact and thoroughly reliable. Its straightforward analysis of Britain's industrial plight is free from the special pleading and grand-stand plays that some people think are indulged in for the benefit of potential American sympathizers.

* * *

The liberal-minded *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* is still almost as concerned about how the war was lost as more radical papers are with how the next one may be prevented. The most melancholy reflection aroused by General Von Vorner's article is that an arrogant Germany and not a meek Austria has inherited the earth — such as it is.

* * *

Socialists, whether in France or Italy, never weary of pinning things on Mussolini. *L'Ère Nouvelle*, with its sympathy for Herriot, is therefore only too pleased to show how he was paid to help a war with which they would not have a great deal of sympathy anyway.

* * *

St. John Ervine makes two appearances this week. His review of Galsworthy's new play appeared in his usual weekly column in the *Observer*, but ran to considerably greater length than he ordinarily occupies. His words on Mr. Nathan quoted in Life, Letters, and the Arts filled the same space another week. Mr. Walkley and Mr. Ervine are the two leading dramatic critics in England.

* * *

What more natural than that an Australian magazine should run a kangaroo story? *Stead's Review* is a kind of *Review of Reviews* published in Melbourne.

* * *

Goethe and Huxley hardly need to be explained; nor does Mr. James F. Courage's entertaining story from the *London Mercury*. Both these contributions come from two of the more modern English literary monthlies. The *Mercury* was started by J. C. Squire in 1919, and the *Adelphi* by J. Middleton Murry some years afterward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *SEPTEMBER 25, 1926* — NO. 4290

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A New League of Nations

GENEVA has made history this month. Germany's entry into the League, and the withdrawal first of Brazil and then of Spain, accentuate the European character of that body, and may presage ultimate changes in its constitution. However this may be, the League has been strengthened by trading two minor Powers for one Great Power.

Spain did not show off to good advantage in the negotiations which preceded her resignation. Indeed, she could hardly have done so with her present unstable Government, which was forced to gamble for prestige in order to ensure its existence. Primo de Rivera's blunt note demanding Tangier and a Council seat appears to have been published without previous diplomatic preparation. It apparently surprised even Italy, with which Spain had but recently concluded a treaty of an especially amicable character, and cooled somewhat the growing affection of that country for her Mediterranean neighbor. Indeed, the Tangier claim disregarded utterly any interest that Mussolini's Government might desire to assert in the same quarter; it offended France, and irritated England, whose Government is traditionally jealous of trespassing in the Gibraltar neighborhood. *Le Temps* said: 'Three aspects of the occasion which Primo de Rivera seized upon to demand Tangier at once strike a person. First, it followed directly on the heels of the treaty concluded between Italy and Spain; second, it came just at the time when Spain was demanding a permanent seat in the Geneva Council; third, almost coincident with the demand sensational false reports were circulated designed to show that the situation at Tangier is very serious and demands immediate action.'

Primo de Rivera had some justification for his claim. Tangier forms an enclave in Spain's Morocco protectorate, and has served as a base for the insurgent Moors. Nevertheless, the practice of using League privileges as counters in diplomatic bargaining is thoroughly bad, and the other Powers, although they sometimes commit the same fault, did well to rebuke it.

Italy's attitude at Geneva belied the criticisms leveled against her Government as unfriendly to the League

Copyright 1926, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francisco Cappola, who has represented her at previous meetings, and whose satirical criticism of disarmament, published in our issue of July 10, is typical of his attitude toward its activities, was significantly omitted from this year's delegation. He is an honest believer in the inevitability of another European war in the not remote future, and his vaticinations on this subject are said to have annoyed his Government because they have been regarded as semiofficial. In any case, the fact that he no longer represents Rome at Geneva is generally accepted as a disclaimer of his doctrines.

Whatever Germany's vehement Nationalists may say, an overwhelming majority of her people are gratified by the new development. Baron von Rheinbaben, a former German Secretary of State, writes in the London *Outlook* that, 'viewing the situation as a whole, we are on the threshold of a new period of general European politics, and this period will not be confined in its consequences to Europe, but will make itself felt in the whole world.' He thinks that coöperation and evolution must be the motto of the future, and assures us that 'no people on earth are more willing [than the Germans] to coöperate with other nations to bring about that evolution, which must come if there is to be any hope for mankind.' After reciting the alleged injustices that Germany has suffered from the League in Silesia, Danzig, and elsewhere, he predicts that nevertheless 'all the political parties in Germany, except the Right Radicals and the Communists, will form a strong front for the carrying on of foreign politics in the future on the basis of this new development.'

Mr. Garvin, writing in the London *Observer*, believes that September is witnessing 'the beginning of the League's real career.' One by one the great questions inherited from the war are approaching solution. 'France is in sight of the stabilization of her currency. When achieved it will be one step toward the final regulation of Allied and enemy debts. Russia is moving inevitably toward a saner conception of her place and function in the world. Germany is strengthening the foundations of unity and internal peace. Britain, under the surface of conflict, is steadily getting the measure of her industrial difficulties. For the first time since the war the seeds of confidence have begun to germinate and to appear as the evidence of a growing peace. The world, in this generation, is weary of its past, and is looking more and more for the unaccustomed blessings of work and progress rather than the excitements of politics.'

Better Times Ahead for Europe

EXCEPT in Great Britain, where the coal strike is still an incubus upon industrial revival, and perhaps in Russia, from which it is almost impossible to get dependable reports, a substantial improvement has occurred in business conditions across the Atlantic within the past few weeks. Indeed, there is one ray of light even in the British situation. That is the country's bumper harvest, which promises to be 'well above the average for the past ten years,' to quote the *Westminster Gazette*. The hay crop alone will bring British farmers a quarter of a billion dollars. The area under wheat exceeds that of previous years by nearly a hundred thousand acres, and the yield per acre will be eighteen hundredweight, or well above the usual crop. Barley, fruit, and vegetables have also done unusually well. This happy situation is in marked contrast with conditions in many parts of the Continent, especially in France and Italy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where agricultural returns will be considerably below normal.

Although the new monetary policy of the Bank of France, which consists of raising money rates, restricting discounts, and purchasing gold or sound foreign currency against the issue of bank notes, does not inspire unqualified confidence in British commentators, the financial situation in that country has unquestionably improved. This applies particularly to the position of the Treasury, which is reducing its debt to the Bank by many million francs a week. The latter institution was able to meet the August payments due to our own country and to the Bank of England, aggregating nearly twenty million dollars, without causing an important drop in the franc. The people have been brought to realize the necessity of adjusting prices to the true value of their currency, and so far as press reports indicate are accepting the sacrifices and discomforts of the economic régime imposed upon them by the Government without an undue amount of murmuring. Commodity prices have risen in certain instances as much as twenty per cent a week, and are rapidly reaching the same level as those prevailing in countries on a gold basis. The fallacy of imagining that a large export trade based on paper undervaluations is profitable to the country has been pretty successfully punctured, and the nation realizes that a few years of the unhealthy activity of the past few months would inevitably exhaust its accumulated wealth. Belgium, and Italy, which was, in fact, the first country to act with vigor to save her currency, are also enforcing a régime of strict economy. In other words, the people have learned that they must pay for the war, and that the more promptly they do so the lighter the burden will be.

Germany and Poland are experiencing a genuine business revival, though in both instances it unhappily was started by the British coal strike. Accumulated stocks of coal are being worked off, and the mines in both countries are working full time. This activity alone would be a dubious symptom of permanent recovery, but it has been followed by a general improvement in other branches of industry. That is particularly true in Germany of the textile and the paper manufacture.

During the latter part of August an American Commission, consisting of twenty-five experts representing important branches of finance, commerce, and industry, visited Moscow with a view to developing American trade relations with Russia. Rather paradoxically, our country, which refuses to recognize the Soviet Government, holds first rank in its foreign trade. The Commission has divided into three groups, one of which is studying commercial prospects in the great granary of the Ukraine and the manganese and petroleum districts of the Caucasus. The second group is investigating industrial possibilities in North Russia and the vicinity of Leningrad; while the third has planned to cover the region of the Urals and Siberia. The objects of the Commission are twofold — to survey the Russian market for American manufactures, including Russia's ability to pay for them; and to investigate the prospects for American manufacturing and mining enterprises in that country.

Mutinies in Spain

It is difficult to rationalize political developments in any country where the Government is dissociated from the public will to the extent it is in Spain — or, for that matter, in Greece and Turkey. Some arbitrary or semiarbitrary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

régimes, like those of Mussolini, Pilsudski, and the Soviet Commissars, justify themselves by at least an appearance of popular support, and a large section of the people under them still take an interest in public affairs. It would be difficult to predicate this of Spain, — at least outside of Catalonia, — and the last attempt to overthrow the Directory was little more than a prætorian mutiny.

On July 26 the King, who is said to be the real power behind Primo's throne, signed a decree introducing in the army a system of promotion by election instead of by seniority as heretofore. The new regulation apparently ran counter to the interests of the artillery and engineer officers — and probably of at least a minority of the officers in the other services. Their opposition took the form of a demonstration — an attempt at a sort of military general strike. But the Army and Navy did not act with the unanimity of well-disciplined trade-unions, and their action, as far as we can learn at present reading, proved abortive. The Directory is still on top; the army officers are divided against themselves; the people stand passively to one side and watch the squabble. Apparently the troops, who are mere pawns on the chessboard, do not look beyond their regimental officers for their orders.

The Directory has held the plebiscite, which has been announced for some time in advance. The spontaneity of this expression of the popular will, which is designed to be a sort of *ex post facto* endorsement of the dictatorship, must be discounted somewhat by the fact that only the 'ayes' were permitted to cast their ballots. Other happenings or predicted happenings suggest that Primo de Rivera is endeavoring to extend the popular and civilian basis of his Government. He is said, for example, to have proposed removing the national armories from military control and placing them under civilian administration, and his personal advisers include a growing number of appointees from civil life.

Japan's New Emigration Policy

JAPAN'S decision to discontinue encouraging emigration to foreign countries, especially those averse to receiving her immigrants, and to concentrate her efforts upon colonizing her own less developed territories, is welcomed by the British press as of happy augury for all parties concerned. The *Daily Telegraph* comments approvingly that 'the dangerous question of Japanese immigration will be removed from the American and the British Imperial complex of world politics,' and declares that 'Japan has behaved with great dignity in the face of the growing demand for the exclusion of her nationals — a demand which has been forced upon the governments in question, not primarily because of racial differences, but for industrial and economic reasons.' The *Manchester Guardian* questions whether any of the territories at present under Japan's flag will accommodate adequately her surplus population, and believes that the country's future lies in its industrial development. It points out that 'Japanese immigration into white men's countries was not so much a question of economics as a question of national pride and prestige. . . . Japanese immigration into these countries has never been one of the great economic factors, either actual or potential, in the life of Japan, as the pre-war Italian immigration into the United States was in the life of Italy.' The issue in the minds of the Japanese was primarily one of race, and the fact that this contention has been dropped indicates an acceptance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the argument that the barriers raised against her emigrants by other governments were designed mainly for the economic protection of their own people.

Minor Notes

THE authorities in Chiapas, the Mexican state which borders on Guatemala, are such zealous defenders of matrimony that they require all strange couples arriving in the country, even passengers in transit with marriage certificates in perfect order, to be remarried under their jurisdiction. We do not know whether this Catonic measure is dictated by high moral motives or by a wish to rake in official fees. In any case, travelers from Northern Guatemala, who have been accustomed to take the railway through Chiapas to Vera Cruz when embarking for the United States or Europe, now find it preferable to choose another route, and the Mexican National Railway Company has consequently protested to the Federal Government against the excessive enthusiasm for matrimony exhibited by the border officials. But while Chiapas goes to one extreme, Sonora — perhaps by virtue of being at the opposite extremity of the Republic — goes to the other, and has made divorce so speedy, sure, and cheap that seekers after single blessedness are said to be flocking there in great numbers.

ACCORDING to reports from Germany, a power loom that weaves cloth without a shuttle has been invented in that country, where it has been in experimental use in several textile factories for a number of years and has now reached a stage of development that justifies its being manufactured in considerable numbers on commercial orders. This shuttleless loom is described as an extremely simple contrivance. Instead of the complicated mechanism connected with the shuttle now, it works on two rods, which carry the threads and perform all the intermediate operations for all kinds of yarn on the same loom, without any change of apparatus. It doubles the number of looms which a single weaver can tend, and obviates the breaking of threads and the flying out of shuttles that still detract from the efficiency of our best modern looms to-day. It is cheaper to build than the shuttle loom, and eliminates several of the preliminary operations of preparing the weft for the weaving, and, it is expected, will appreciably reduce the price of fabrics.

GREECE and Yugoslavia have signed a treaty replacing the treaty abrogated some time ago, supplemented by four railway-tariff conventions. Greece secures full ownership of the railway between Saloniki and Guevgueli in return for a payment approximating four million dollars. A representative of the Yugoslav railways is to share in the management of the line for the purpose of facilitating traffic. Disputes are to be referred to a French umpire appointed by the League. The Yugoslav free zone at Saloniki, which as originally allotted was too small for its purpose, is to be enlarged.

DUNEDIN, the southernmost of New Zealand's larger port towns, has established a record which some American cities may envy, in connection with her recent Exposition. Not only were the displays eminently satisfactory, but the enterprise was a brilliant financial success. The attendance numbered over three million, or several times the population of the Dominion.

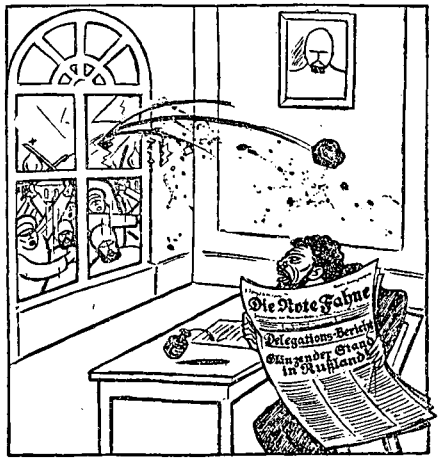
THE catalogue of the University of Paris records eighty-six German stu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents in attendance at the Sorbonne last year, the largest number since the war. They have organized a German student society, with headquarters in Rue Royer-Collard, and have set up a *Stammtisch* in a café on the Boulevard Saint Michel. According to *L'Europe Nouvelle*, their presence in Paris has never occasioned the slightest untoward incident.

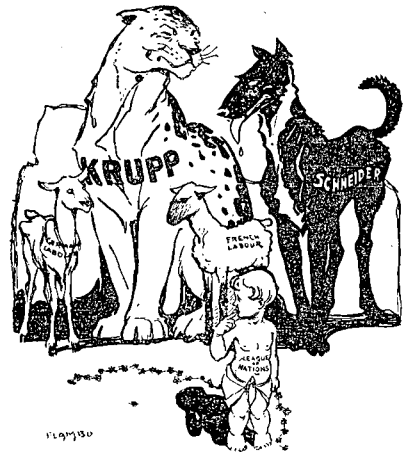
An advertisement sometimes throws interesting light on business conditions in the country where it appears. That is true of a full-page announcement inserted by a Buenos Aires commission merchant in *La Prensa*, which contains a list of the number of head of live stock handled for his various clients during the last twelve months. The total was more than sixty-eight thousand, and represented approximately four and one-half million dollars in American money. The prices per pound paid for steers on the hoof ranged, according to the season, between five and six cents. Swift, Armour, and Wilson appear most frequently among the buyers, although no one of these firms equaled in its takings the leading British company.

AT SOVIET HEADQUARTERS



Commissar. 'I wish our Russian working class consisted entirely of foreign labor delegations.' — *Vorwärts*, Berlin

THE EUROPEAN STEEL TRUST



The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. (Isaiah xi. 6)
— *New Leader*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEAGUE CRISIS — A DEBATE [1]

BY ANGELO TREVES AND RABANO MAURO

I. RACE AND RELIGION IN THE LEAGUE

Two years ago Argentina resigned from the League of Nations. Now Brazil follows her example, and Spain seems about to do likewise. Is this not due solely to the fact that these countries are fundamentally alike, both racially and mentally? All three are Latin nations, all three are Catholic, and all three are of Iberian blood.

The League embraces some fifty governments, representing all the races and religions of mankind. Among these races and religions there has not been a single withdrawal except by the Latins and the Catholics.

Why? The answer, which may seem difficult at first glance, is surprisingly easy for anyone who is familiar with the Nationalist press of Italy and France, which gives the cue to the press of Spain. From its very foundation the League has been constantly characterized by newspapers of the *Idea Nazionale* and *Action Française* type as a 'Protestant product,' conceived by the Puritan brain of Wilson and utilized by Puritan England to perpetuate Anglo-Saxon hegemony over the five continents. World peace, which is assumed to be necessary for the existence and development of the League, is represented by such newspapers as a diabolical device of the 'satisfied nations' — that is, the Anglo-Saxons and Protestants — to keep the poorer nations from expanding and acquiring a fair share of the world's wealth and territory.

The refusal of the League's creators to allow the Papacy to be represented in it, Great Britain's obvious sympathy for Lutheran Germany, the fact that when Germany becomes a League member and has a seat in its Council the Catholic countries will be in a minority in the executive organ of that body, England's obstinate opposition to giving a permanent seat to Catholic Poland, and other incidents of the same kind, have strengthened the unconcealed antipathy of the Latin and Catholic nations to the League. France appears to be the sole exception, but even in that country its friends are confined to the radical parties; all other sections of her people waver between aversion and skepticism — especially since Germany is likely to become a member, making it impossible for Poincaré and his fellow champions of strong-arm policies to have their way. Furthermore, France is at present so dependent, both politically and financially, upon Great Britain that she cannot afford to criticize and attack an institution dear to her powerful ally's heart.

In describing this situation objectively, from the standpoint of a mere spectator, I do not venture to pass judgment upon the purposes, the methods, or the prospects of the League. I merely repeat what I have read and heard, and draw logical conclusions from it. I recall clearly that when Geneva, the city of Calvin, was

[1] From *Critica Sociale* (Milan academic Socialist semimonthly), *July* 1–15

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selected as the headquarters of the League and its first sessions were held in the House of the Reformation, conservative French newspapers described that body as 'a new agency for propagating Protestantism and the interests of the Protestant Powers.'

Religious factors, which have exercised a preponderant influence upon the world's past history, are acquiring ascendancy again, although we regard ourselves as liberals or agnostics. The bourgeoisie, whether they have real beliefs or not, appeal to religion to stir the passions of the masses. This will continue until we learn to regard religious belief as the private affair of the individual and to eliminate it from domestic and international politics.

As for the League itself, the fine words with which men try to cover up its failure cannot conceal the brutal truth. When two of the greatest and most powerful nations of the earth, the Americans and the Russians, hold aloof from an institution which must be world-wide to mean anything, and especially since Argentina, Brazil, and presumably Spain, have withdrawn, taking with them the major part of the Iberian world with its one hundred million people, it is outright dishonesty to talk about a 'League of Nations.' The supreme effort of the bourgeoisie to establish an era of peace and good-will on earth stands miserably defeated by the inherent opposition between its interests and permanent peace. For a capitalist régime implies economic inequality, not only among individuals and classes, but also among nations. It instinctively perpetuates these inequalities, and will defeat any attempt to abolish them.

The very fact that the members of the League are arming themselves more heavily than ever proves how utterly insincere is their profession of the principles that lie at the very foundation of that institution. And when we lie about our premises, nothing that we build upon them can be great and enduring.

Consequently many League champions make virtue of a necessity and propose a League confined to the nations of Europe. But do they honestly imagine that peoples and governments filled with the hatreds, prejudices, jealousies, and artificially propagated animosities that control Europe to-day will ever live together in peace and friendship? To assume this is to fancy that we already stand in the dawn of the day when the wolf and the lamb shall dwell together.

II. ECONOMICS, POLITICS, AND THE LEAGUE

Angelo Treves attaches decisive importance to racial and religious factors in his horoscope of the League of Nations. He is obsessed by the idea of a clerical and nationalist renaissance, which is after all but a superficial phenomenon; and he completely overlooks the political and economic forces that really control current history.

Let us review that history briefly. The League of Nations is a child of the Versailles Treaty. The Versailles Treaty is the child of the treaties between the Allies which preceded it. Among the latter none is more important than the London Treaty, in Article XV of which Sonnino succeeded in inserting a clause excluding the Holy See from any part in the future peace settlement.

Although the Papacy was thus formally ruled out of subsequent negotiations, it might nevertheless have exerted an influence upon them if peace had been actually made in conformity with the principles which Benedict XV and President Wilson — before America entered the war — laid down as indispensable: a peace without victors or vanquished. But the overwhelming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

success of the Allies destroyed that dream. Consequently, if the Holy See had been invited to the Paris Peace Conference it would certainly have been compelled to decline the invitation, for it could not incur responsibility for helping Catholics and Protestants oppress other Catholics and Protestants. If the Pope was to remain the head of the Catholic world he could not thus compromise himself. Consequently the Papacy was excluded from the peace arrangements, first specifically by treaties among the Allies, and later automatically by the course of events.

Nothing in all this affected in any way the attitude of the Holy See toward the League of Nations. Catholics who oppose the League do not do so as Catholics, but as nationalists and reactionaries. The campaign they conduct against it is not religious, but political, or, looking deeper into the question, ultimately economic. They are the Catholics of the *Action Française* and of the *Idea Nazionale*, and in general they are those who have espoused the cause of reaction against democracy, parliamentary institutions, and liberalism in general. They do not belong to the same class as the Catholics of Belgium, who are supporting a democratic ministry side by side with the Socialists, or the Catholics of the German Centre Party, who voted — even against the injunction of their bishops — with the Socialists and Communists in favor of expropriating the property of the Princes.

What we really see, therefore, is not a Catholic, or a racial and religious, revolt against the League of Nations, but a revolt of reactionaries of every faith, Catholic and Protestant alike, against the pacifist and democratic principles of the League. Brazil, Poland, and Spain are not actuated in their present hostile attitude toward that body by any principle whatsoever. They are moved simply by resentment and offended vanity at being refused seats in the Council. In fact, their attitude implies a desire to participate more actively and fully than ever in the work of the League, and indignation at being prevented from doing so by the political greed of the Great Powers. The accords of Locarno guaranteed Germany a seat in the Council not because she is Lutheran but because she is Germany, a great nation entitled to that honor, whom it is, moreover, prudent to keep under close diplomatic oversight. Those Powers which were not parties to the Locarno accords refuse to recognize the validity of these considerations, and insist that their own claims, based on longer membership and longer service in the League, should take precedence.

What does this really signify? It signifies that the present crisis arose when the League of Nations was ceasing to be a League of conquering nations alone, and becoming a League of both victors and vanquished — when it reached a point where it was truly capable of defending the common interests of war-lacerated Europe against private interests. Race and religion have nothing to do with that.

We do not know whether the present crisis will be survived or will prove fatal. We do not underrate the strength of the forces hostile to the League. But let us face those forces frankly. The people are all for the League. The churches are outside of the debate. The powerful influences that have rallied against the League, or, better said, against its conversion into a true League of Nations and a powerful instrument of international democracy, are something separate and distinct. It is by no means impossible that they will be able to destroy the League by inducing its more reactionary members to secede, or that they will succeed in making it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a mere fiction, as it was when it was founded, hoping thus to maintain the hegemony of certain Powers which conceal their true objects behind masks of false holiness and humanitarianism. Such people would confine the League's work to excellent but relatively unimportant matters, like controlling the white-slave trade, helping war prisoners, and suppressing the traffic in narcotics. Naturally these enemies will be greatly strengthened if a considerable number of democrats and revolutionists join them in their campaign, scoffing at the League's ideals, exulting over its difficulties, and greeting with an 'I told you so' every setback it receives.

On the other hand, powerful influences and interests are laboring to save the League and to make it an effective agency for bringing about the unity of at least Europe, if not of the world. These influences are not abstract and ideal. They obey iron laws of necessity. Europe is dying of her discords, and she does not want to die. The war and its results may have made her a colony of American capitalism; but although a colony, she still has a civilizing mission in the world, which she cannot perform unless united. A Locarno of the West, a Locarno of the East, a Little Entente, a Baltic Entente, are each nuclei of greater aggregations, all of which gravitate toward Geneva!

The feudatories of the trusts see their creations outgrowing their control and escaping from their hands. Trusts are no longer national, but international. Last month the greatest industrial and banking institutions of Germany and France formed a union. Committees to defend their common interests were organized, with offices at Berlin and Paris. This was a marriage of iron and coal. About the same time the British Dye Trust, after a long struggle, laid aside the bitter hatred and rivalries that sprang from the war and amalgamated with the German Dye Trust. Europe is too poor to indulge longer in the luxury of anarchical production. M. Loucheur has put himself at the head of a campaign, endorsed by the League of Nations, in favor of a general survey of production. The League is entrusted with the question of disarmament, although the effectiveness of its labor in this direction is sadly impaired by obstacles thrown in its way by those of its own members who wish to see only their enemies disarm and to remain armed themselves.

These tendencies, oftentimes so contradictory, illustrate the complexity of the forces that are in operation. To dwell upon contradictions alone, and to jump at the conclusion that they sound the death knell of the League, is not clear thinking, but simple guessing. The forces working for and against the League should be carefully weighed. We must try to ascertain where, and to what extent, private interests are blocking general interests. Even those who scoff at a reduction of armaments feel under moral compulsion to render lip service, at least, to the principle of arbitration, and to extol the Protocol for the peaceful settlement of international controversies. Throughout the world, organizing, coöperative, and social tendencies, albeit they demand certain sacrifices distasteful to human nature, steadily make headway against reactionary individualism.

America dreams of an immense Monroe system extending from Hudson Bay to the Magellan Straits, and throws all her influence into the scales in favor of disarmament — in Europe. A well-armed debtor is a dangerous debtor, and, moreover, an impecunious one.

The present rivalries in the Assembly testify to its eager determination to 'be itself' and not a mere chorus for a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hidebound Council of professional diplomats. Such rivalries are sure to produce scenes. But is not this turbulence, distressing as it may be at times, far better than docile obedience to a few dictator Powers? Lively incidents are inevitable in every legislative and consultative body which is taking its first steps in corporate existence. Possibly Brazil and Argentina, although the Argentine press does not favor Brazil's action, are slamming the door on the League because they want to start a Pan-American secession. But if they do this, it will not be because they are Catholic Powers; neither will it be because they are following in the wake of Spain, for Monroeism is distinctly anti-Iberian. Race and religion, in a word, take second place to politics in League affairs, in the same way that politics takes second place to economics. . . .

The real League of Nations is still but a seed, the germ of a democratic, international order which will destroy the hegemony of the Great Powers and put all nations on the same level. That is the state toward which the world is evolving, and as long as there is life there is hope.

BRITISH INDUSTRY'S PARLOUS PLIGHT[1]

EFFECTS OF THE STRIKE

RETURNS from leading sources present a melancholy picture of the state of British industry and trade. The shipbuilding, shipping, iron and steel, cotton, wool, and fibre industries, as well as coal-mining, — those industries to which Great Britain owes her very existence as a great commercial nation, — are reduced to an extreme state of inactivity. There are a lack of fuel and a lack of orders. Where orders can be obtained, prices are generally unremunerative, and are accepted only to help pay overhead charges. Unemployment and short time are prevalent in all. Fixed capital is depreciating; floating capital, the life-blood of commerce, is being frozen by trade stagnation. Workers are losing wages. Shareholders, spread among all classes of the community, lack dividends. Thus the consuming power of the population as a whole is being reduced, and this has its inevitable reaction on production. It is not uncommon to hear those engaged in the leading industries say that they never remember a time when trade was more stagnant than it is at present.

The present position is all the more deplorable in view of the fact that in the first four months of the year there were unmistakable signs of trade reanimation. This revival was substantiated by evidences on every side. The volume of trade as a whole in the early months of the year showed a decided improvement on 1925. In the period prior to the general strike the traffic receipts of the four 'heavy' railways showed a gain of 2.6 per cent on 1925, representing an increase of over a million in gross income. The production of steel ingots and castings

[1] From the *Statist* (London financial weekly), *August* 14

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

showed an increase of 9.8 per cent during the first four months of the year. The country cheque-clearing, reflecting the general state of trade in the country, showed a decline of 1.7 per cent up to the end of April in comparison with the first four months of 1925. As the general wholesale price-level shows an average fall of 10.1 per cent on the same comparison, this small movement unquestionably denotes a greatly increased trade turnover during the first four months of the year. The cost of living fell steadily from December 1, 1925, to May 1, 1926, thereby easing the wages problem for industry as a whole. The net fall in the index over the five months was 5.6 per cent, but during May and June there was another substantial rise. One of the most hopeful signs was the trend of unemployment statistics, which at the end of April last showed the state of employment to be better than at any time in the twenty-two preceding months. The number on the dole in Great Britain and Northern Ireland had been falling almost continuously during eight months, and was reduced by 284,000 between the end of August 1925 and the end of April 1926.

There appears no reason why this improvement in trade and employment should not have continued after April; but the general strike and the coal stoppage changed the whole position overnight. On top of these disasters came the violent depreciation of a number of Continental currencies, particularly francs and lire, which not only restricted the Continental market for British goods, but made it possible for French, Belgian, and Italian producers to undersell British manufactures, notably in the textile industries.

The coal stoppage is now in its fifteenth week, and a settlement seems as far off as when it began — as far off, indeed, as it did more than a year ago, before twenty-five million pounds of the taxpayers' money was spent in a vain effort to purchase conciliation. At the lowest reckoning the dispute must have already lost the miners forty million pounds in wages, and must have lost twenty-six million pounds in wages to workers in the other industries — apart from the loss entailed by the general strike. It is safe to say that, whatever terms of settlement are eventually arrived at, the miners will never be able to make up that forty million pounds.

The picture of events since May 1 may be presented in a few brief references. Thus, the number of idle workers registered at the Employment Exchanges increased by 665,000, or from 1,034,000 to 1,699,000, during the months of May and June — this increase not including those who ceased work in the coal industry. Country cheque-clearings showed a decline of 10.1 per cent in the period April 28 to August 4, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, which was itself a time of abnormal trade depression. The total of Provincial Clearings showed a contraction of 15.3 per cent between April 24 and July 31. The actual contraction in the two sets of figures during the period is at a total of over £162,000,000. If we deduct 7 per cent, by which wholesale prices were lower on the average in 1926 than during the corresponding period of 1925, we arrive at a total of approximately £150,000,000, which affords a fair indication as to the shrinkage in the volume of business turnover caused by the general strike and the coal stoppage.

Again, the rise in railway traffics, prior to May 1, was abruptly checked by the strike. Since that date the reports of the four big railway groups have fallen off by 66.8 per cent, as compared with the corresponding pe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riod of last year; this representing a loss of nineteen million pounds in gross income. This decline has meant a heavy loss to railway shareholders, and, of course, a much greater loss to railway workers. The iron and steel industries have been brought practically to a standstill. On June 21 — the latest date for which the statistics are available — only 44.7 per cent of the normal number of workers were employed at iron and steel furnaces, rolling mills, and forges, and only 29.8 per cent of the normal in pig iron manufacture. In the months of May and June the production of pig iron was only 130,600 tons, as against 1,078,300 tons in the same months in 1925, a decrease of 87.9 per cent. The production of steel ingots and castings in May and June was a mere 6 per cent of that in the corresponding period of 1925 — only 78,500 tons as against 1,237,000 tons.

According to the data available, approximate estimates of the minimum decline in gross national income caused by the general strike and the coal stoppage work out as follows for the different industries affected: —

	£
Coal Mining	60,000,000
Transport	25,000,000
Iron and Steel	20,000,000
Other Industries	35,000,000
Total	140,000,000

This total does not, of course, represent a dead loss to the nation, as there has also been a big falling-off in consumption. It is clear that if an individual curtails his production, and at the same time reduces his consumption proportionately, his financial position remains relatively the same, though his standard of living is lowered. The same applies to the community as a whole in time of strike. Overseas trade figures and reports from the leading home industries manufacturing consumers' goods are eloquent of diminished consumption during the past few months. As regards the former it may be mentioned that imports during May and June alone were thirty-six and one-half million pounds less than in the corresponding months of last year. The following list of declines, by quantities, is instructive: Grain and flour, 587,000 hundredweight; meat, 819,000 hundredweight; butter, 117,000 hundredweight; sugar, retained for home consumption, 436,000 hundredweight; timber, 20,004,000 cubic feet. During the months of strike the country made increased imports of only a very few commodities, such as petroleum and rubber, for which a special demand arose. It has to be added that import figures for the four months prior to the strike gave evidence of an expansion in the nation's purchasing power abroad.

Despite the many evidences of reduced consumption, however, there can be little doubt that the nation has been compelled to live on its capital to some extent during the period of strike. Apart from this, it is clear that the indirect consequences of the strike will be very serious. Next year's crop of industrial companies' reports, for instance, is likely to make depressing reading, while the Exchequer receipts in the shape of direct taxation are bound to suffer during the next financial year. Moreover, the coal stoppage has now lasted so long that there is bound to be some temporary loss of overseas markets, not only in coal, but in other industries as well, thanks to the energies of our competitors abroad. While British miners have been holding up the essential work of production, foreign competitors, especially in the United States of America, have been making every use of a gratuitous opportunity to capture British markets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, there is the well-known economic fact that any shrinkage in output below normal capacity increases costs of production. The intense development and concentration that characterize the industrial plants of Great Britain, while enabling the country to produce more cheaply in normal times, have the disadvantage that production ceases to be profitable whenever output is abnormally curtailed. This is true not only of individual companies but also of industry in the aggregate. The huge and costly extension of the functions of government, the colossal social services, — health and unemployment insurance, old age and widows' and orphans' pensions, poor-law relief, — form a weighty edifice of civilization that becomes a crushing, intolerable burden whenever the economic strength of the nation is weakened through whatever cause.

ALLIES AT ODDS[1]

BY MAJOR-GENERAL MICHAEL V. VORNER, RETIRED

At the very beginning of the World War, in September 1914, the Central Powers saw the imperative necessity of coöperating to regulate exports and imports and to provide essential foodstuffs and raw materials; for the Entente had already started its blockade. As a result a conference was held at Berlin, where it was agreed, among other things, that Germany and Austria should not compete against each other for certain materials, that essential commodities should be rationed between them, and that timely measures should be taken to prevent a shortage of necessities.

As the war dragged on and supplies dwindled, disputes naturally arose over the application of this agreement. As early as January 1915, when there was heavy fighting in the Carpathians, the rolling stock of the Austro-Hungarian railways was monopolized by troop movements to such an extent that we had to refuse advantageous offers of provisions from Rumania, which was then neutral, and from Bulgaria. Switzerland was grumbling because we could not supply the Swiss breweries with the malt we had agreed to deliver to them. This again was due to lack of railway cars. The Swiss thereupon purchased malt from England, and Austria lost an important article of exchange.

It soon proved necessary to restrict purchases among the Central Powers themselves. In January 1915 we made a bargain at Berlin to deliver to Germany five thousand carloads of hay in exchange for large quantities of flour, straw, and artillery ammunition. The following June we borrowed from the Prussian War Office three thousand carloads of flour for our army, which we were momentarily unable to supply with adequate rations. In payment we contracted to deliver at the end of August of the same year four thousand carloads of Hungarian wheat.

The Hapsburg monarchy was such a

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Conservative daily), *July* 17, *August* 14

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complicated and loosely organized affair that the Governments of Austria and Hungary were constantly doing things on their own responsibility which conflicted with the common interests of the Central Powers. In February 1916 this situation culminated in an outright commercial war between Germany and Austria. Early in February the Austrian Government, without a prior understanding with the military authorities or with the Hungarian Government, — to say nothing of the Government of Germany, — issued an order requiring all duties to be paid in gold coin. The German Government felt this was contrary to its interests, and adopted reprisals, forbidding the importation of a long list of articles from Austria into Germany on the ground that they were not indispensable.

The prohibited wares included Vienna fashion goods, such as pearl buttons, artificial flowers, lingerie, and the like. This worked great hardship upon the poor and already distressed seamstresses and operatives of the Vienna suburbs and of Northern Bohemia. To quote from a contemporary memorandum, of which only a limited number of copies were printed: 'The delay in adjusting this difficulty has been disastrous for the trade of both countries, and has seriously impaired mutual confidence. . . . German merchants are already beginning to cancel other orders and making every effort in their power to have goods of the class they have hitherto imported from Austria made in Germany. They are even trying to entice skilled workers from Austria into their country in order to make themselves independent of us.'

Austria retaliated for this by adding an aggravating clause to the customs regulations, requiring the duties to be paid in gold, although their total was less than the value of a single coin. Moreover, gold pieces were valued only at their pre-war parity. For example, a ten-mark piece was rated equal to twelve kronen, although it was worth at the bank more than twenty-two kronen. So, if the duty on an article was one krone, the man who paid it had to present a gold piece, the smallest of which was rated at twelve kronen. As he received but eleven kronen change, however, in Austrian money, the actual duty was increased by this little device to more than eleven kronen. This amounted to a virtual embargo upon small shipments from Germany to Austria, and provoked violent protests from the former country. . . . This controversy became so bitter that it threatened to affect even military coöperation between the two Governments, and immeasurable moral and material damage had been done before the army authorities stepped in and put a quietus on this bickering.

Even greater difficulties presented themselves, however, when the food shortage grew more acute. Although early in 1916, when we were in full occupation of Serbia, an arrangement was made to ship a large quantity of cattle from that country into Austria, neither the Austrian Government nor the Vienna War Office, with all their efforts, was able to get live stock from that source. We knew, however, that Berlin was managing somehow to import from one thousand to fifteen hundred head of cattle a week from Serbia. The situation demanded immediate action, and our officials were forced to place a peremptory embargo on these shipments to our ally.

Bulgaria levied harbor dues on the vessels of the Austro-Hungarian military transport service. This went to the absurd extent of collecting these dues upon vessels conveying indispensable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provisions and military supplies to the Bulgarian army in the midst of the 1916 campaign — a measure capped by Germany's action in January 1915, when she required an export license for artillery ammunition shipped to Austria to be used in driving back the invaders who were threatening her own flank. Moreover, it took long negotiation to persuade the Bulgarians to return to Austria-Hungary the Danube steamers they seized at the outbreak of the war.

As early as the autumn of 1916 acute friction arose between the German and the Austro-Hungarian Governments over supplies of coffee, tea, tobacco, and of meat from Sweden. According to arrangement, coffee and tea were to be purchased on the joint account of both countries, but their officials could not agree as to the quotas to go to their respective nations. Consequently the German authorities forbade all shipments of coffee, tea, and cocoa to Austria. This embargo lasted for a considerable period, at a time when an acute shortage of those articles existed in Austria. On the other hand, the Austro-Galician customs authorities confiscated outright large quantities of tobacco of German origin which had been shipped into the country in the ordinary way of trade, although tobacco was almost unobtainable in Austria at the time. Our military authorities had to intervene energetically to get that tobacco released so the people could have it. In November 1916 the Berlin Central Purchasing Company bitterly criticized the Vienna Wholesale Butchers Union because the latter complained at Berlin concerning the quality of meat delivered from Sweden, which was so poorly packed that it reached Vienna unfit for use.

After long and irritating negotiations the Austrian authorities concluded an agreement with the Imperial Potato Office at Berlin for the delivery of twenty-nine hundred carloads of potatoes, which were urgently needed in the former country. Hardly had the paper been signed, however, when the Hungarian Government tendered Berlin two thousand carloads of potatoes. Under the circumstances, Berlin very naturally insisted on canceling its contract with us. In 1917 there was great complaint because certain German and Austrian quartermasters on the Russian front were purchasing cattle regardless of the maximum prices fixed by the Hungarian Government. So acute was the shortage of meat that Vienna had beef smuggled in from Hungary by airplane regardless of maximum prices and other regulations. But defiance of government control reached its limit in case of hay and oats. That was natural, for official statistics showed that during the first six months of 1917 some forty-five thousand horses in the Austro-Hungarian army alone died of starvation. As early as 1915 enterprising representatives of the Prussian War Office had bought five thousand tons of beans in Hungary, and stored them there. The increasing food shortage compelled the Hungarian Government to requisition these beans, and it was only after long negotiations that three-fifths of the quantity was eventually released to Prussia.

After Rumania and the Ukraine were occupied by our troops, it was expected that they would afford us an abundant supply of provisions. But controversies immediately arose between the representatives of Austria and Germany regarding their collection and distribution. In January 1918 the Germans demanded that the prior agreement between the two countries regarding supplies from Rumania should be modified so that Germany

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would receive the greater part of the 1917 harvest, or twenty-five hundred carloads, and only what was left should go to Austria. In support of this proposal the Germans argued that we were in a far better position to supply ourselves than they were, on account of the situation on our Eastern and Southern fronts, and that the great, decisive battle would be fought in the West. It was alleged that Hungary could furnish much more grain than previously. Austria-Hungary, however, insisted on the old ratio of fifty-fifty. Since no agreement could be reached, and Vienna was threatened with famine, several barges with Rumanian grain en route for Germany were seized by our officials. Naturally the Germans were furious. During the subsequent negotiations it came out that at this time, early in 1918, the Germans were still feeding their fighting men 750 grammes of bread daily, workers in the heavy army industries 600 grammes, and soldiers on garrison duty and in repose 500 grammes. Army horses were still given grain as well as hay and green fodder. At this time the bread ration in the Austrian army was only one half that in the German army, and, as just said, our horses were starving to death by thousands. Meanwhile transportation difficulties, a bad harvest, and official friction reduced our receipts of grain from the Ukraine, which we had expected would prove an almost inexhaustible granary, to practically nothing.

The peculiar constitution of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy caused our policy toward the population of the territories occupied by our troops to differ radically from that of Germany. This was particularly true of Russian Poland. The Germans were restrained by no considerations of racial sympathy from levying exactions there with a heavy hand, while we were obliged to consult the feelings of our Polish subjects in Galicia. It took constant pressure by our military authorities upon our civilian officials to compel the territories we occupied to supply us, through purchases and requisitions, with the quantity of foodstuffs that they were able to furnish.

Still another centre of discord existed in Bulgaria, where the German and the Austrian authorities fell afoul each other over their respective jurisdictions. It had been agreed that we should have preference in making purchases there, and a joint office had been established for this purpose. But the Germans soon got the upper hand, chiefly because their purchasing agents reported directly to the representative of the Prussian War Office in Sofia, who exercised great authority in the country's affairs, while those of our Government reported to a number of different civilian superiors. Simultaneously Bulgaria and Turkey were insistent that we should provision such of their troops as were operating either in or near our territories. At a time when the Turkish War Office was in extreme need, late in 1916, we had to send it five hundred carloads of sugar, although our own supply was exceedingly low. We also traded sugar and salt for cattle in Albania.

In April 1918 the situation in Austria was already verging on revolution, and Prince Windisch-Grätz, who was Hungarian Food Minister at the time, reported, at a conference to discuss the question, that the recent requisitions in Hungary, although made with large troop detachments, had produced practically no supplies. Provisions for the army would last only until the middle of May. As he could get little coöperation from the civilian authorities, he demanded eighteen additional battalions to comb the country for food.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The peasants were in a rebellious mood. The troops were encountering resistance, several farms had been burned, and whole counties were in open rebellion — in fact, a general insurrection threatened.

In this extremity our more energetic advisers recommended radical requisitions in the Ukraine, Serbia, and Rumania, and the seizure of all private stocks of food in Austria and Hungary. But the time had come when our resources were at an end. We were forced to recognize that it was no longer possible to procure provisions from Poland, the Ukraine, Rumania, or Serbia. The Entente blockade had done its work.

HOW MUSSOLINI LEFT THE SOCIALISTS[1]

BY MARIA RYGIER

About the first of September, 1914, I was called to Rome to address a meeting at the People's Palace to commemorate the death of the first Italian volunteers who had fallen in the Great War on the Serbian front. I learned there from an Italian journalist, who was trying to secure volunteer recruits for the Argonne and who in this connection had certain relations with the French Embassy, that the Paris authorities contemplated establishing a democratic daily at Rome to advocate Italy's joining the Allies. I made some observations adverse to such a plan which impressed my informant. He repeated them to M. Barrère, who asked him to bring me to the Embassy. Through a misunderstanding we were delayed until after the hour set for our interview, and for that reason were received by one of the attachés, to whom I set forth my views.

I believed it both dangerous and useless to found at Rome a Democratic newspaper subsidized by France. It would be useless because Italian Democrats, who had an excellent press of their own, were already in favor of intervention, thanks primarily to the anti-German attitude of the Italian Freemasons. I thought it dangerous because the Democrats were keenly sensitive on points of national honor, and I believed they would be deeply offended were France to spend money to influence their Party's sentiment in Italy. My advice was to confine propaganda in favor of intervention to the classes who were most opposed to such a step — that is, to the Socialists and Revolutionists. If a paper was to be established, it should not be at Rome, a city of government officials and people of small fixed incomes, but at Milan, the real centre of Italian industry and trade-unionism.

Such a journal, I thought, might give effective aid to the best men among the Revolutionists, who were already in favor of joining the Allies, but who lacked money to plead their cause. We might be able to bridge the gap that now separated these militant Interventionists from their

[1] From *L'Ère Nouvelle* (Paris Radical pro-Herriot daily), *August* 17

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comrades, and to divide the Socialists, who were still a unit in favor of neutrality. In case the fact of French assistance came out, as was likely, the governing classes in Italy would not be involved or offended; quite the contrary, they would be glad of the chance to charge the Socialists with being in the pay of foreigners.

The attaché appeared to be impressed by what I said, and told me the Embassy would at once forward my suggestions to Paris. He asked whether, in case it was decided to do something, I would consent to act as an intermediary between France and the management of the proposed newspaper. I refused without a moment's hesitation. 'Never in the world,' I said. 'I want to advise you to the best of my ability, for the cause of France is dear to me, and I trust that we shall soon be brothers-at-arms in the battle for liberty and justice. But I refuse to handle any money even as intermediary. Foreign money would soil my hands.'

'Your scruples do you honor,' replied the attaché, 'but if we should happen to encounter the same sentiment in the future editor of our newspaper, what should we do?'

I had already recommended a well-known militant Revolutionist for this position. He was not Mussolini, who as editor of *Avanti* still advocated absolute neutrality. I hastened to assure the attaché that the gentleman I had mentioned would not be a stickler on that point. But in order to be doubly safe I advised him to apply to a society which was admirably qualified to act as a go-between in the negotiations, and thus ensure himself against a rebuff.

A few days after my call at the French Embassy, the Paris Government took substantially the action I had suggested, except on one point. Mussolini turned up at Geneva in the course of this same September, in company with Signor Naldi, one of those implicated in the assassination of Matteotti and now indicted for complicity in wrecking the Bank of Bologna, and agreed to leave the Socialist Party and to take over the editorship of *Popolo d'Italia*, in the pay of France. On the twenty-first of October, just a month after he had cashed at a Swiss bank the check that he received from France on that occasion, he resigned the editorship of *Avanti*. The gentleman who paid Mussolini his subsequent subsidies was the man whom I had suggested to the attaché as editor of the paper. That gentleman, who is now residing in France for personal reasons, still has in his possession a receipt signed by Mussolini for that money — and thanks to this fact enjoys comparative immunity from Fascist persecution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A JOURNEY TO ABYSSINIA. III[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

RAS TAFFARI-MAKONNEN received us officially in the salon of his European villa. He is a small, clean-cut, alert, quick-moving man, with curly hair, a broad, high forehead, vivacious brown eyes, an arched nose, and a narrow mouth. A long moustache and a short square-cut beard conceal the lower half of his face. He wore a white robe under a broad blue royal cape with a red velvet collar. At first glance he gave the impression of a man of distinguished descent whose graceful, self-possessed, regal manner was inherited with his blood. He combines with almost feminine refinement an air of authority and decision that revealed at once inflexible resolution and an iron will. His striking resemblance to Henry IV of France has often been remarked, and it is no fiction; he has the same oval face, the same cut of the beard, the same contours of the mouth, the same knitting of the brows, the same curve of the nose, the same shrewd, cunning expression, and the same sharp, intelligent glance.

Prince Taffari-Makonnen's life is interwoven with one of the most remarkable and interesting episodes in the annals of his people. He was born in 1890, and like Menelik himself was a descendant of King Sella Selassié. His father was Commander-in-Chief of Menelik's army, and in command when it defeated the Italians at Adowa, where he was twice wounded. Adored by his soldiers and beloved by his sovereign, he was unquestionably the most powerful man next to the Emperor in the realm, and was commonly regarded as Menelik's probable successor. But he died prematurely, at a relatively early age, leaving his son — the present Regent — to be educated at the royal court and to inherit his own high honors.

So it happened that the present Prince became a provincial governor when only fifteen years old, and was later appointed Viceroy of Harrar, where he distinguished himself as a successful administrator in that extensive and recently subdued territory. In 1916, when a revolution broke out which overthrew the ruler whom a palace intrigue had placed upon Menelik's throne against the will of the nation, the young Prince Taffari-Makonnen was promptly elected Heir Apparent and Regent. It took five years' fighting, however, to make good his title. In 1921 the civil war ended with the capture of his opponent.

My first interview was rather stiff and formal, but a few days later I was invited to a private dinner at his house, where I received a much more intimate and friendly impression of the man who now guides the destinies of this great country. We guests were received in the same drawing-room as at the time of our first presentation, where we found several grand seigneurs and ladies of honor had already assembled. The Prince himself introduced us to his wife, a large, stately woman, and to the other guests, with

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *August* 12, 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ease and courtesy of a practised host. In fact, he was the life of the party, moving about from group to group and keeping the conversation lively. When a chamberlain announced that dinner was served, he made a little sign to his wife, who passed out first, followed by the other ladies; then the Prince in person showed us the way.

Under a cluster of electric lights glistened a long waxed table set in English fashion, with flowers, crystal, silver, and porcelain bearing the Prince's coat-of-arms, and snowy linen doilies and serviettes. The menu was French, and was accompanied by wines of the choicest French vintage. We were fifteen at table, including three men in dinner jackets and three ladies in evening dress. All the others wore the Ethiopian costume — a long white tunic and a black or blue cape of silk, wool, or velvet. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs stood by the side of the Princess, to interpret for her. For a few minutes the conversation lagged a little, but soon it became general. The Prince related incidents of his visit to Paris. All the other Abyssinian guests had been members of his suite on that occasion, and each had something to tell about the trip.

Suddenly our informal conversation, during which rank and business of State had been utterly forgotten, was interrupted. A secretary entered by a little side door, approached the Prince, prostrated himself, whispered a few words into the Regent's ears, prostrated himself again, and withdrew backward. A strange contrast! At a dinner table that might have been in the heart of Paris, we witnessed a survival of feudalism and Oriental homage!

When the dinner was over we shoved back our chairs noisily, amid laughter and lively chatter, and returned to the salon, where coffee and cigars were served. The Prince approached me, with a merry smile on his face, and said: 'I'm going to show you that I haven't forgotten what I saw in France. I've got a surprise for you.'

From the beginning of the dinner the Regent had conversed in French, speaking precisely and correctly, though with barely perceptible hesitation and a slightly drawling accent. He never gesticulated, except occasionally to emphasize a statement by a slight movement of his fingers. The Princess, seated on a sofa, chatted with the ladies, while the men stood in groups in the corners of the salon. The Prince moved from one party to another, exchanged a few words with the ladies, returned to me, approached a door where someone had just appeared, glanced over some papers, signed them, and issued an order in a low voice, concluding, 'I'll attend to the rest afterward at my office.'

A moment later a butler appeared at the door and exchanged a glance with the Prince, who turned to us and said, 'Come along.' He preceded us to the dining-room, where the table had been removed and the chairs had been arranged in three rows at one end of the apartment. When we were seated the lights were turned off, and a moment later my ears caught the familiar hum of a cinema machine in an obscure corner. A shaft of light shot above our heads, and on a screen at the farther end of the room appeared scenes from the Regent's travels in Europe, while at intervals the Prince commented upon the incidents represented.

When we departed the Regent accompanied us to the door, still talking about the films. Our automobile passed between two ranks of khaki-clad soldiers standing at present arms. When the Abyssinian night, cool, starlit, and heavy with the fragrance of eucalyptus, enveloped us,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Prince withdrew to his office and sat down to his evening's work — to the difficult and delicate task of modernizing his country and lifting it as rapidly as possible to the rank of a modern State. It is no easy labor. The soil of Ethiopia is still fertile in prejudices and thousand-year-old conventions, and ravenous European Powers skulk along her borders.

From the business centre of Addis Abeba to the legation quarter is a horseback ride of an hour or more over eucalyptus-shaded trails that cross several deep ravines and wind around the flanks of the neighboring hills. Each legation is hidden in the depths of a broad park, and cut off from the highway by high walls and a big gate.

Most of the legation buildings are substantial stone structures, which combine the minister's residence with various offices and dependencies; but France is still content with the quarters erected when her first minister was appointed. Long avenues bordered by noble trees wind through the lawns of the extensive grounds to coquettish pavilions with circular verandahs and thatch roofs. Climbing plants twine around their wooden pillars and pergolas, forming a many-hued background for the beds of poppies, roses, and sweet peas that make them bowers of fragrance. These tiny villas are scattered over the park — one for the military attaché, another for the counselor, another for the consul, and so on. In the centre of this domain, where all avenues and footpaths converge, stands the private residence of the minister, surrounded by a group of smaller structures occupied by the domestics and by offices. No one would imagine that the little flower-covered huts, which smile at you with such charmingly rustic grace, house prosaic things like typewriters and filing cases.

Each legation is a social centre. At tea hour English, Italians, French, Belgians, and Germans flock to the tennis courts and tea tables. Guests arrive from the city and from neighboring legations on horseback, mule-back, and by automobile. The French tennis court, which is one of the best, attracts numerous devotees of the racket, and sets follow each other until the purple dusk makes it too dark to play. Politics and business are taboo at these gatherings; diplomatic worries, international preoccupations, and economic rivalries are forgotten. Conversation runs to tennis, polo, and the races; and the latest books and magazines received by courier are exchanged.

Below in Addis Abeba a hurrying, shouting, elbowing crowd perspires and struggles; here under the swaying shadows of the great trees peace and silence reign. Yonder is the clamorous, populous Orient; here is the smiling grace of France.

Notwithstanding the remoteness and isolation of the Ethiopian capital, society observes its inflexible laws. Every minister has his receiving day and his tennis afternoons. On Friday and Saturday the polo players, impeccable in conventional white gloves, caps, and white breeches, play on the grounds in front of the Polo Club. Each January there are horse races, which occasion great rivalry among the legations. Of late, high Ethiopian noblemen have sent their horses, and the Empress and Prince Taffari-Makonnen keep regular racing stables, and their jockeys' colors mingle with the colors of the various legations on the track.

There are the usual formal dinners and dances, to which gentlemen come in smoking jackets and ladies in evening gowns. The guests arrive on mule- or horse-back, dismount, throw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off their long mantles, stop a moment before a mirror to adjust a cravat or to powder a cheek that shows too vividly the effect of the keen mountain breeze, and are ready for the ballroom. In fact, an hour's horseback ride in evening gown or a full-dress suit is an everyday affair.

At one of these legation dinners, seated at a table covered with snowy linen, shining silver and crystal, flowers and delicate laces, it is difficult to realize that you are two weeks' journey from Paris. A mental effort is required to convince yourself that you are in Africa, in the heart of the mysterious and feudal Empire of Ethiopia, and only a few minutes removed from its massive and semibarbaric Imperial Palace. But the moment you step into the tropical darkness without, the snarl of a hyena or the yapping of a jackal calls you quickly back to your real surroundings.

GALSWORTHY'S NEW PLAY[1]

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

THERE was an air of melancholy about the Ambassadors Theatre on Thursday night when Mr. John Galsworthy's episodic play, *Escape*, was performed for the first time; for Mr. Galsworthy, or someone claiming to speak with authority, had publicly announced that it was to be his last piece. That deplorable decision cannot be disregarded. I have always maintained that Mr. Galsworthy's novels are more important than his plays, — *The Forsyte Saga* seems to me to be a book that will live, — but we are not so rich in dramatists that we can stand tamely by and watch this eminent one, at the early age of fifty-nine, deliberately withdraw himself from the theatre.

The decision may not be irrevocable. I find it difficult to believe that, if a good idea for a play presents itself to him, Mr. Galsworthy will austerely put it away or use it in a novel. A man so young as he is does not deliberately stultify himself or decline an adventure when the chance to seize it occurs. He has too much of the dramatic instinct to be able to rid himself of it. His craftsmanship is too fine for him to be content to let it rust, and I shall not be astonished, therefore, if he discovers that he is unable to resist the temptation to write one more play — and, perhaps, another one after that.

But we cannot count on this good fortune. Mr. Hardy announced many years ago, after the publication of *Jude the Obscure*, that he would not write another novel, and he kept his word. It is true that Mr. Hardy was deeply wounded by the criticism that was then amazingly and most stupidly passed upon his great story, but I doubt very much whether any criticism would have stopped him from story-telling if he had not wished to devote himself to poetry. Does any author really care one curse what any critic says about him? There is an ancient antipathy between authors and critics which can never be

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *August* 15

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

composed, and the authors, even when their vanity is upset and their rage is roused, have deep in their hearts an unquenchable contempt for critics. 'At all events,' they say, 'we *do* things; you only write about them!' And the contempt of the doer for the babbler is illimitable. What the author in me feels for the critic in me is indescribable. I am quite certain that if Mr. Hardy had wished to write another novel the critics could have roared themselves blue in the face without daunting him; and, although Mr. Galsworthy's decision not to write any more plays is due, not to any harsh judgments on his plays, but probably to a desire to devote himself to novels, I feel confident that when the urge to use the dramatic form comes to him he will have a hard, and, I hope, a desperate, fight to resist it.

Mr. Galsworthy was fifty-nine yesterday. He has written twenty-two plays. The first of them to be performed, *The Silver Box*, was produced at the Court Theatre in 1906. In twenty years, therefore, he has written at least one play per annum. In addition, he has written fourteen or fifteen novels under his own name, and a few under the pen name of 'John Sinjun.' He has done some desultory journalism, a little lecturing and speaking, and a great deal of traveling; and he has devoted himself with singular unselfishness to various humanitarian causes.

Pity, indeed, is the most notable characteristic of his work. It is a critical complaint made against him, and not unwarrantably, that he allows his sympathy to disable his judgment, and that when he has difficulty in finding something to pity he invents occasions for the exercise of his compunction. That may be as it may be — the fact remains that he brought a note of kindly thought into the modern theatre which was badly needed there. The aggressions of Mr. Shaw had to be mitigated by somebody, and Mr. Galsworthy mitigated them. *The Silver Box* had to be written to counterbalance *Major Barbara; Justice* balanced *Fanny's First Play; The Pigeon* reminded us that a world made safe for Tom Broadbents and Larry Doyles in *John Bull's Other Island* may still be imperfect.

It is true that Mr. Galsworthy sometimes pities the wrong man. I said of him once that if he had come into the Valley of Elah on that morning when the fair and ruddy youth, David, encountered the uncircumcised Philistine, Goliath, he would almost certainly have run to the assistance of David, in the belief that the slender, seemingly unarmed and unprotected lad was no match for the armored monster who opposed him. But Goliath was the weakling on that day, and it was he who needed a protector, not the stripling, who had the strength of God in his arm and a host of angels to carry his pebbles to Goliath's brain.

There is something a little upsetting in the spectacle of a man who persistently pities other people. The pitied are made to feel slightly inferior to the pitying. Nevertheless, it is good for our generation that Mr. Galsworthy is present to restore the balance disturbed by the hot-gospelers of the supermen. 'What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?' Hillcrist demanded in *The Skin Game*, that parable of the war; and I do not doubt that the complacency of many persons was disturbed when they heard that bitter remark.

Escape is the story of a decent soldier who accidentally found himself in deep distress. One night, walking through Hyde Park, he heard a girl speaking to him. Had he a match? He lit her cigarette for her, and listened while she chattered after the fashion of her trade. Would he go home with her? No, he would not. She offered him her card and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hoped that she would have the pleasure of entertaining him on some other occasion. He left the card on the park seat and started to saunter off. A plain-clothes policeman then arrested the girl on a charge of accosting and annoying passers-by. The girl denied that she had annoyed anybody, and called on Denant to support her denial, which Denant did. The policeman persisted in arresting her, and Denant, indignant, struggled with him. In the scrum, the policeman received a punch on the jaw which knocked him down. As he fell his head hit an iron railing, and in a couple of minutes he was dead. Denant got five years' penal servitude for manslaughter, and was sent to serve his sentence on Dartmoor.

The nine episodes which succeed to this prologue follow him through an attempt at escape. He bolts from the prison in a fog, and for forty-eight hours is free, but hunted. He gets into a bedroom in a country inn, where he is helped by a young married woman, who gives him her husband's Burberry and fishing hat and a rod and some flies and a basket, a couple of pounds, and a packet of chocolate. He meets a retired judge by the river while he is fishing, and the old gentleman suspects him, but does not give him away. Then he encounters a picnic party, to whom he gives his fish, but he is not very hospitably received. He temporarily takes their Ford car and drives off in it. On the way he meets a slight but determined person on a walking tour, who resolves, not without a sinking heart, to do his duty, but is prevented from doing it by his more compassionate and less law-abiding wife. Terribly tired, Denant lies down to sleep in a gravel pit, where he is surrounded by farm laborers and a farmer, and nearly arrested. He contrives to escape, taking shelter momentarily in a cottage occupied by two ladies, one good-natured and sporting, the other thin and hard and religious, and then is run to earth in the vestry of the parish church, where he had claimed and received sanctuary from the vicar. It is to save the parson from lying about him that he gives himself up. That ends the play. The hunted man goes back to prison.

Mr. Galsworthy makes no comment whatever in this piece. He presents a picture, but says nothing about it. The runaway, indeed, found more compassion than perhaps he expected to find,—rather more, indeed, than he would have found if Mr. Galsworthy had been writing about him ten years ago,—but that is all.

The picture has the shape of a moving picture, and although Mr. Galsworthy does not altogether escape from the dispersal of interest from which this form, when used in the theatre, inevitably suffers, he has been remarkably successful with it. The film-manufacturer does not disperse the interest of his audience by shifting his scene frequently, because he is able to do it without wasting time on intervals. The dramatist has to give the sceneshifters a chance to do their work, and while they are doing it the attention of the audience wanders because the scenes are too short to absorb it. Mr. Galsworthy, however, has succeeded better with this episodic form than any other dramatist in my experience. Mr. Leon M. Lion's production, undoubtedly, was of great service to him.

I felt that the play flagged in the picnic scene because here Mr. Galsworthy somewhat arbitrarily subordinated the facts to the necessities of his theme. It is at this point that Denant's capture becomes inevitable, but in order to make it inevitable Mr. Galsworthy compels his picnickers to behave in a way in which, I think, they would not have behaved. Denant, apparently a fisherman, comes upon them and asks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for direction to the nearest town, which is a dozen miles away. He offers his fish to the shopkeeper's wife, and she accepts them. Now, it seems to me nearly certain that she would then have invited him to take a cup of tea with her party. Mr. Galsworthy prevents her from doing so, with that willful determinism which so bleakly protrudes from some of his work. The action of the play here was such that it was apparent to everybody that the woman wanted to say, 'Oh, won't you have a cup of tea?' but she could feel Mr. Galsworthy's hand over her mouth. 'No,' he was whispering to her, 'none of your hospitality now. This chap's *got* to be captured!' Too often has Mr. Galsworthy been determined to get his pound of pity. Had Denant received hospitality then, he would not have stolen the bread and cake and betrayed himself to one of the picnickers, nor, in all probability, would he have run away with their Ford car. No doubt he would have been captured in the end, but he might have escaped. At all events, there would have been less contrivance about his capture than there now is.

It seemed to me, too, that Mr. Galsworthy was up to his old trick of loading the dice against the respectable and the law. He makes his Denant thoroughly decent and altogether charming and chivalrous. The law is made to appear in the wrong. Mr. Galsworthy has always seemed to be holding the balance justly, when, in fact, he is holding it in as prejudicial a manner as he knows how. The legend of his impartiality is pure nonsense; he is one of the least impartial men of letters, and, like all humanitarians, can be remarkably unscrupulous for his propaganda purposes.

I do not myself see Denant fighting the policeman. He would, surely, if he felt strongly about the case, have accompanied the girl to the police station and have offered himself as a witness in her defense. If you reply to that that he would not have been so foolish as to mix himself up in the case, I shall retort that, in fact, he did mix himself up in it in a criminally foolish fashion. However, Mr. Galsworthy does these things with his characters, and perhaps there is no more to be said about it — except this, that he has written a very vivid and extremely interesting play which is acted with great skill.

At the end of the first performance a lady in the gallery made a singular demonstration against the play. She protested vigorously against 'this propaganda' and 'sloppy sentiment about murderers,' and informed us that her grandfather had been murdered in Ireland. It is true that Denant, in Mr. Galsworthy's play, cannot by any stretch of imagination be described as a murderer, but I was interested to observe how completely the moral of the play seemed to have escaped the notice of the audience. For an entire evening we had been expending our sympathy on a solitary, hunted soul; but when another solitary soul, laboring under deep distress and with her mind full of poignant memories, rose up and expressed her feelings, the hunt was up and almost every person in the theatre was shouting, 'Chuck her out!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOTHERS OF THE MOB[1]

BY TARLTON RAYMENT

Do you know the true story of the kangaroo?

Well, no matter, let me tell it to you. At one period of my life I was on terms of close friendship with several families, and it was quite natural that I should have revealed to me the many little intimate details that enable one to depict a faithful likeness.

Oh, no, I am not going to enter into precise scientific descriptions, such as delight the systematists, who speak the truth — and nothing but the truth. Shall I prove that? Very well: Subfamily, Macropodinæ; genus, Macropus; species, giganteus; habitat, Eastern Australia.

Bah! Let us leave the dry, musty bones of the museum, and let us go out into the foothill country of the Alps, just where it begins to rise up from the Gippsland plain. To the north are the interminable hills of forest. Away down south there is the open plain terminating in the distance in a silver streak — the waters of Bass Strait.

In such country was my home. The trees were numerous and good, but the soil lacked the elements that made agriculture profitable. The fight for bread was keen. If the soil refused me sustenance, then the trees must supply the deficiency, for in the floral cups was golden wealth waiting to be gathered by industrious hands — no, tongues.

Nectar, I say, welled from a million tiny distilleries, and from my city a million workers went forth at break of day to gather up the honey for your breakfast table. Aye, the clatter of that busy population died down only when the pink and purple faded out on Wellington's snow-cap, as night stole up over the plains.

'What has all this to do with the kangaroo?'

My friend, it has everything to do with the case. I was sitting on a beehive, watching the myriad streams of homing bees —

Wop, wop! Wop, wop, wop. I looked up; a hundred feet away a gray kangie propped himself with his tail, and surveyed me intently. *Wop, wop!* he hopped twice, and readjusted his view.

Plainly he thought, 'What a curious creature!' The impression was a double one, for this was our first introduction. I moved. *Wop, wop, wop.* He was away over a hill with gigantic bounds.

Day after day the same kangie came and surveyed the same man. Distant acquaintance grew into neighborly contact, developed into friendship, ripened into trust and rare affection. No, he was not a juvenile, for he had already reached an adult's estate. In the spring he brought his wife and baby to call on me. It took the lady a long time to lose her shyness, but by autumn she and baby would come close enough to talk with me a little.

In thirteen years (oh, unlucky number!) my friends numbered a dozen. I knew them all by name, and at lunch

[1] From *Stead's Review* (Melbourne current-affairs semimonthly), *July* 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time they too would sit about, or punctuate my meal with many 'wops,' as they hopped along a hedge of tree lucerne and made their noon repast. 'Goldie' would stand alongside a wattle and rest her short front legs on a branch and croon softly.

'Provoking?'

Of course it was, for time and again I planted that young hedge, and just as soon as the kangaroo grass died off under the blistering summer sun, so soon my friends regaled themselves at the succulent green of my windbreak. Why, no neighbor is perfect.

It was my hedge, for it grew on land for which I held the title. Moreover, I dug the soil and planted the shrubs. True, it was intended primarily to shelter the city from the unkind wind; but the position was involved, because the bees claimed to have established certain property rights, though the hedge had never afforded them any protection. The 'kangs' exerted what the bushmen called a 'primitive right.'

The decision was so often adjourned that I grew tired of the trial. The procedure never varied: a 'kangie' would take a mouthful, and, while sitting up to chew it, like a rabibt, he would suddenly shake his head, sit back on his tail, and shoot viciously at the bees with both hind legs. The antics were amusing — to me, though there was far too much point in the bees' argument to suit the kangaroos. The little insects soon tired of sparring about the face, and got in a few short body stabs, against which the marsupial's weak defense was a hurried scratch, perhaps a frenzied roll, a half Catherine wheel, an airplane 'spin,' then a mad breakaway for the bush. My own personal attitude was that of an interested observer, and both sides respected my neutrality.

Have I already told you that the soil is a thin, lean gravel, as bare of fat loam as the pebbles of Fabre's harmas? Nevertheless, other proprietors held much of the land which adjoins the forest of Mow-Merung. Sheep grazed on the coarse tussocks, and gathered a rough meal from the native scrubs. Of cultivation there was none, save my scraggy, nibbled hedge.

But the word spread that a 'great mob' of kangaroos frequented the country of the bee farm. In spite of my lying denials, the news was broadcast. Not once more would I drive treacherous visitors out to my city to make the acquaintance of my 'kangie' neighbors. Some traitor, I say, failed to hold his tongue.

Presently I heard whispers of a meeting to be held to consider what 'steps should be taken to keep down the depredations of the kangaroos, which now threaten to become a serious pest to cultivation.'

'Sirs,' I cried, 'there are not more than a dozen in the whole forest of Mow-Merung. I know them all. Who of you cultivates an acre? Who among you can claim to have lost growing crop? Alas! Alas!'

But the hunt was 'organized.' To me, a poor devotee of nature, it seemed incongruous that the owner of the local alehouse should be elected chairman, and had my dozen kangaroos drunk up the whole of his crop he could not have been more enthusiastic over their destruction. In any case, no kangaroo was closer to his hostel than three or four miles. But hard bushmen, with still harder horses and dogs, came almost from the other side of the range. The rich sheep men attended in luxurious motor cars to show to what straits they had been reduced by the kangaroos' rapacity.

I was as a voice crying in the wilderness.

The hunting morn was drenched with dew. No mellow horn sounded its silver warning through the trees.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A soft south breeze floated up from the distant sea. Old grizzled hunters; city men in polished riding boots; the alehouse man riding in a car, as befitting his exalted position; farm boys, in blue dungaree pants, coatless, and with shirt sleeves rolled; sheep men, long and lean. On the edge of the clear country a lone keeper of bees strained his ears for the first sounds of the fanfare of the whips.

You may not know 'the hunt.' Let me tell you about it. Early that morning the whole of the menfolk of the district assembled in a grassed gully in the forest, where the horses of the 'shooters' were tethered and the cars with provisions were parked.

The atmosphere was laden with the ineffable odor of the virgin forest. Yet the hunters drank not of the celestial air, but quaffed the rude products of man's distilleries. Presently the 'beaters' departed for the north, each boy mounted on a shaggy, sure-footed steed, and armed with a lengthy stock whip. The leaders of the beaters pioneered them over a wide detour, until they were spread out fanwise, with the wind in their faces.

Meanwhile the captain of the 'shooters' stationed his men along the flanks, in ambush. There they sat with rifles loaded, smoking — waiting —

Crack-ck-ck! Away up in a high valley, I hear the first crackle of the volleying whips. Nearer — nearer. Soon the first shot will ring out, and cut the sylvan air.

Hark! A rustling of the twigs — a 'shooter' creeping across the line?

No! *Wop, wop, wop, wop.* A flying doe leaps out into the clearing of my land. I know her; she is young; she is timid. I know her by her reddish coat; she has passed through the danger zone at terrific speed.

'Goldie!' I call her in her dire extremity. The distant whips are stilled for a moment. She casts her pleading eyes in my direction. She knows my voice. She hesitates.

Boom! The first shots at her mates send her flying down the slope. No trust remains. All faith destroyed. *Wop, wop, wop, wop.* She flees. I watch her heading for a tangled wire fence. A hound picks up her trail and follows silently.

Goldie leaps.

Smash! Her great hind legs slip down between the two top wires, and as she falls forward on her face the metal strands close over her poor legs in a deadly weave.

In a moment the dog will be at her furry throat, will dye his fangs in Goldie's warm young blood. My pony, with an Arab head, stands by, gazing curiously. I mount him in a flash; no bridle, no saddle; I crouch up on his 'wither,' put my cheek along his neck and grip his creamy mane. 'Dickon!'

I fall from his back, and seize a knotted root to attack the hound. 'Dickon' relieves me of the task, for he assaults the dog with flying feet.

Poor Goldie's head and shoulders are describing a half-circle in the gravel, as the tormented creature swings ceaselessly backward and forward, backward and forward. She sees me and whimpers plaintively for mercy. With two big stones I cut the imprisoning wires. Two red scars show on her limbs. She attempts to rise, stumbles, falls prone again. I pick her up in my arms; she lies inert. Her plaintive whimpers search my soul. I hide her. 'Where?' None shall know.

Boom, boom! How many will survive?

Dickon is occupied with the dog. No longer is he endeavoring to stamp him with his forelegs, for the pony stands still, head thrust forward and down, ears laid along his skull, one hind leg resting lightly. His eye shows its white meniscus in a wicked glance behind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Beware, hound!' But the fool dog knows not the craft of the Arab pony, and rushes in to bite the resting heel. *Cloop* — Dickon plants a kick fairly on his tormentor's ribs. We are left alone.

Not a moment too soon. 'Red,' my oldest pal, comes bursting into the clear, passing us in twenty-six-foot bounds. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. But I do not fear so much for him, for he is old and crafty.

But what of those with babies? 'Silver' and 'Pearl,' the young does? I am praying for darkness to hide the evil deeds of man. All day the guns have boomed.

It is almost evening. *Wop, wop, wop.* Oh, what a wearied hopping. It is Pearl, traveling with much labor. She is almost spent — wounded, perhaps.

'Pearl, Pearl,' I invited her to safety.

She turned her limpid eyes to mine in dumb entreaty. Oh, God in Heaven! Taking her baby from her pouch, she cast it at my feet.

On the thirteenth day, 1913, a bush fire ravaged the hills and swept away my city of snow-white hives. My pony Dickon carried me through the fire, and as we pierced the smoke murk of the burning forest, neither of us knowing a way to safety, we stumbled on 'Old Red' fleeing before the flames. His fur was burned and black. He hopped painfully by my side, pleading for the succor I could not give.

It is a long time ago, and I have neither Pearl nor Silver; even Dickon, the Arab, is gone. But to-day I have the wild bees of Port Phillip, and my retriever, Brown, to keep me company.

THE STRANGERS

BY AUDREY WRANGHAM

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Night follows day, and after sun comes rain:
  After the flower the fruit, world without end.
We eat and sleep and rise to live again,
  Nor wonder overmuch what life will send
To make a joy of living. Then Love dies,
  Dashing his pretty wings against a stone:
Or gods we worshiped tell us naught but lies,
  Leaving us sick and doubting, most alone,
Fearful of life and weary. When we turn
  Face to no answering face, hand to no hand,
Our souls shrink mute, grow strange, and so we learn
  That there is no one who will understand
Our thoughts save we ourselves; with them for friend
  We pass lone strangers to the journey's end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'NATURE': A LITERARY FIND[1]

BY WOLFGANG VON GOETHE AND THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

[JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, editor of the *Adelphi*, unearthed this remarkable double document from the files of the scientific periodical, *Nature*. He discovered that Huxley had translated Goethe's rhapsody and published it, as a *jeu d'esprit*, over his own name in the issue of November 4, 1869.]

'NATURE! We are surrounded and embraced by her; powerless to separate ourselves from her, and powerless to penetrate beyond her.

'Without asking, or warning, she snatches us up into her circling dance, and whirls us on until we are tired, and drop from her arms.

'She is ever shaping new forms; what is, has never yet been; what has been, comes not again. Everything is new, and yet naught but the old.

'We live in her midst and know her not. She is incessantly speaking to us, but betrays not her secret. We constantly act upon her, and yet have no power over her.

'The one thing she seems to aim at is Individuality; yet she cares nothing for individuals. She is always building up and destroying; but her workshop is inaccessible.

'Her life is in her children; but where is the mother? She is the only artist; working up the most uniform material into utter opposites; arriving, without a trace of effort, at perfection, at the most exact precision, though always veiled under a certain softness.

'Each of her works has an essence of its own; each of her phenomena a special characterization: and yet their diversity is in unity.

'She performs a play; we know not whether she sees it herself, and yet she acts for us, the lookers-on.

'Incessant life, development, and movement are in her, but she advances not. She changes forever and ever, and rests not a moment. Quietude is inconceivable to her, and she has laid her curse upon rest. She is firm. Her steps are measured, her exceptions rare, her laws unchangeable.

'She has always thought, and always thinks; though not as a man, but as Nature. She broods over an all-comprehending idea, which no searching can find out.

'Mankind dwell in her and she in them. With all men she plays a game for love, and rejoices the more they win. With many her moves are so hidden that the game is over before they know it.

'That which is most unnatural is still Nature; the stupidest Philistinism has a touch of her genius. Whoso cannot see her everywhere, sees her nowhere rightly.

'She loves herself, and her innumerable eyes and affections are fixed upon herself. She has divided herself that she may be her own delight. She causes an endless succession of new capacities for enjoyment to spring up, that her insatiable sympathy may be assuaged.

'She rejoices in illusion. Whoso

[1] From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *July*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

destroys it in himself and others, him she punishes with the sternest tyranny. Whoso follows her in faith, him she takes as a child to her bosom.

'Her children are numberless. To none is she altogether miserly; but she has her favorites, on whom she squanders much, and for whom she makes great sacrifices. Over greatness she spreads her shield.

'She tosses her creatures out of nothingness, and tells them not whence they came, nor whither they go. It is their business to run, she knows the road.

'Her mechanism has few springs — but they never wear out, are always active and manifold.

'The spectacle of Nature is always new, for she is always renewing the spectators. Life is her most exquisite invention; and death her expert contrivance to get plenty of life.

'She wraps man in darkness, and makes him forever long for light. She creates him dependent upon the earth, dull and heavy; and yet is always shaking him until he attempts to soar above it.

'She creates needs because she loves action. Wondrous that she produces all this action so easily! Every need is a benefit, swiftly satisfied, swiftly renewed. Every fresh want is a new source of pleasure, but she soon reaches an equilibrium.

'Every instant she commences an immense journey, and every instant she has reached her goal.

'She is vanity of vanities; but not to us, to whom she has made herself of the greatest importance. She allows every child to play tricks with her; every fool to have judgment upon her; thousands to walk stupidly over her and see nothing; and takes her pleasure and finds her account in them all.

'We obey her laws even when we rebel against them; we work with her even when we desire to work against her.

'She makes every gift a benefit by causing us to want it. She delays, that we may desire her; she hastens, that we may not weary of her.

'She has neither language nor discourse; but she creates tongues and hearts, by which she feels and speaks.

'Her crown is love. Through love alone dare we come near her. She separates all existences, and all tend to intermingle. She has isolated all things in order that all may approach one another. She holds a couple of draughts from the cup of love to be fair payment for the pains of a lifetime.

'She is all things. She rewards herself and punishes herself; is her own joy and her own misery. She is rough and tender, lovely and hateful, powerless and omnipotent. She is an eternal present. Past and future are unknown to her. The present is her eternity. She is beneficent. I praise her and all her works. She is silent and wise.

'No explanation is wrung from her; no present won from her, which she does not give freely. She is cunning, but for good ends, and it is best not to notice her tricks.

'She is complete, but never finished. As she works now, so can she always work. Everyone sees her in his own fashion. She hides under a thousand names and phrases, and is always the same. She has brought me here and will also lead me away. I trust her. She may scold me, but she will not hate her work. It was not I who spoke of her. No! What is false and what is true, she has spoken it all. The fault, the merit, is all hers.'

So far Goethe.

When my friend, the editor of *Nature*, asked me to write an opening article for his first number, there came into my mind this wonderful rhapsody on 'Nature,' which has been a delight to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me from my youth up. It seemed to me that no more fitting preface could be put before a Journal, which aims to mirror the progress of that fashioning by Nature of a picture of herself, in the mind of man, which we call the progress of Science.

A translation, to be worth anything, should reproduce the words, the sense, and the form of the original. But when that original is Goethe's it is hard indeed to obtain this ideal; harder still, perhaps, to know whether one has reached it, or only added another to the long list of those who have tried to put the great German poet into English, and failed.

Supposing, however, that critical judges are satisfied with the translation as such, there lies beyond them the chance of another reckoning with the British public, who dislike what they call 'Pantheism' almost as much as I do, and who will certainly find this essay of the poet's terribly Pantheistic. In fact, Goethe himself almost admits that it is so. In a curious explanatory letter, addressed to Chancellor von Müller, under date May 26, 1828, he writes: —

> This essay was sent to me a short time ago from amongst the papers of the ever-honored Duchess Anna Amelia; it is written by a well-known hand, of which I was accustomed to avail myself in my affairs, in the year 1780, or thereabouts.
>
> I do not exactly remember having written these reflections, but they very well agree with the ideas which had at that time become developed in my mind. I might term the degree of insight which I had then attained, a comparative one, which was trying to express its tendency towards a not yet attained superlative.
>
> There is an obvious inclination to a sort of Pantheism, to the conception of an unfathomable, unconditional, humorously self-contradictory Being, underlying the phenomena of Nature; and it may pass as a jest, with a bitter truth in it.

Goethe says that about the date of this composition of 'Nature' he was chiefly occupied with comparative anatomy; and, in 1786, he gave himself incredible trouble to get other people to take an interest in his discovery, that man has an intermaxillary bone. After that he went on to the metamorphosis of plants, and to the theory of the skull, and at length had the pleasure of seeing his work taken up by the German naturalists. The letter ends thus: —

> If we consider the high achievements by which all the phenomena of Nature have been linked together in the human mind; and then, once more, thoughtfully peruse the above essay, from which we started, we shall, not without a smile, compare that comparative, as I called it, with the superlative we have now reached, and rejoice in the progress of fifty years.

Forty years have passed since these words were written, and we look again, 'not without a smile,' on Goethe's superlative. But the road which led from his comparative to his superlative has been diligently followed, until the notions which represented Goethe's superlative are now the commonplaces of science — and we have a super-superlative of our own.

When another half-century has passed, curious readers of the back numbers of *Nature* will probably look on *our* best, 'not without a smile'; and it may be that long after the theories of the philosophers whose achievements are recorded in these pages are obsolete the vision of the poet will remain as a truthful and efficient symbol of the wonder and mystery of Nature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM A BALCONY[1]

BY JAMES F. COURAGE

THE Major, whose surname was unfortunately Pratts, sat reading a book in the morning-room. He did not read as you and I read — as people read who turn the pages of a volume consecutively. No; the Major had, during the course of his career, spent many years in different places about the deserts of Africa, and had, in consequence, acquired an entirely individual manner of reading. Each page, having been perused, was torn from its fellows and cast like a white raft upon the ocean of the Major's blue Persian carpet. The Pomeranian, who slept this morning at the old soldier's feet, had been accustomed to these fluttering pages for close upon fifteen years, and quivered not a whisker as the beginning of Chapter Five of certain considerably tropic memoirs glided past her ears to the floor. She had heard many times — and who shall say had not understood? — the reason, given with martial precision, why the Major always read his books in this uncommon manner. He would explain very gravely — for he had a sense of humor — that when one travels in the desert every ounce carried is important; one must pay with the sweat of one's brow for each jot and tittle of superfluity.

'What more natural, then,' the Major would conclude in the persuasive voice of a born bachelor, 'what more natural than that I, fond of reading as I am, should contract this habit of ridding myself of weight as I go along?' And the listener's pain at imagining so many no doubt delightful books destroyed would be somewhat alleviated in contemplation of the Major's path across the desert, strewn, like the track of a monster paper-chase, with pages from Gibbon and thoughts from Marie Corelli.

A breeze from the Park (we are in Knightsbridge) blew in through the open French windows and played with the Major's white hair, of which not even twenty-five years' foreign service had robbed him. He was a handsome man, with a cast of feature quite English and with a taking blend of race and humor in his eyes and mouth. For some years now he had lived quietly in London, popular with many of a new generation, but happy by himself, enjoying his peculiar passion for reading, and devoting his affections to his small Pomeranian dog.

The little animal's name was Tommy, but *that* was a private joke of the Major's. 'For,' he would smile, 'who ever heard of a soldier's dog — even though a female — graced with a name belonging to a sex whose tactics are deplorable?' Thus did Tommy forfeit the immediate label of her sex; and it must be admitted that she occasionally carried out flank attacks upon visitors with an entirely masculine and British success.

But Tommy, in spite of her master's devotion, was aging rapidly. This morning as the breeze rustled the window curtains she glanced up, her head a little heavy, to meet the Major's

[1] From the *London Mercury* (Literary monthly), *August*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes fixed upon her, it being fully five minutes since a page had descended to the carpet. 'Fifteen years,' sighed the Major, 'is a long life for a little dog.' He bent down and smoothed the well-brushed coat of Tommy with something more than a passing regret and affection. 'Bachelors we are, and bachelors we shall remain, by Allah!' he exclaimed. And the little dog, since she was a spinster and could appreciate, of course, all the niceties of the remark, wagged her short and fifteen-year-old tail in sly response.

Indeed, Tommy's age did worry the Major a great deal. 'One must have companionship,' he would mutter thoughtfully; and in his less hopeful moments, before the whiskey and soda took full effect, he considered the horrible prospect of his existence if Tommy should die. For Tommy, although she frisked about and committed the usual canine indiscretions during her daily walk with Major Pratts around the Serpentine, had had an increasing number of off moments lately, when she would lie down full of lassitude and heaviness, often allowing herself to be quite tented over with pages from her master's latest book, and moving only very slightly indeed when he knocked out his pipe against the hearth.

That no other animal could possibly take Tommy's place was an axiom with the Major. How, for instance, could another dog be trained to inform him with the same compassionate tact when it was the hand of Miss Gannet and nobody else's that had just rung the front-door bell of the flat? A quiet scamper into the hall, a brief sniff beneath the portal, and finally a return to the Major and ever so slight a wink of the eye — that was all, but what other dog could do it so surely, so neatly? Not one! The Major drained his whiskey, and the round bottom of the tumbler, like a cipher, seemed to answer him. 'One must have companionship,' he muttered again. But Tommy was unique. Dogs might be legion, but there could be only one Tommy.

This particular morning the dog's age, almost like a shadow, fell heavily upon her master. He rose quietly from his chair and walked up and down the room once or twice before stepping out on to the tiny balcony through the French windows. From such an eminence, three stories high, the people on the nether pavement, seen from directly above, looked very much alike — no shoal of herrings spied from a boat more so. Yet what was it that suddenly caused Major Pratts to gaze downward with a quickened attention, as if he had noticed an animal native to another element — a bird, for instance — among those same herrings? The answer is simple: he had seen the top of Miss Gannet floating through the crowd toward the entrance to the flats of which his own apartments formed the third story.

It is time Miss Mildred Gannet was formally introduced. She is a lady of considerable charm, every atom of which she is capable of exerting with an appropriate skill. With what a tragic force, therefore, had it dawned upon her, not six months since, upon — oh, sardonic Time! — her thirty-eighth birthday, that the attractive youthfulness of her manner and character were being steadily undermined by the growing age and inflexibility of her person. Even the Major, not generally observant, had noticed her rise more slowly than usual from her chair one day, and had begun stealthily to compute her years. He was baulked by the strange lack of evidence in her features upon which to estimate. Her expression had always been delightfully childlike. Her hair had scarcely a single strand of gray, and her complexion, though

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small lines had sprung about her mouth and whimsical eyes, might well have been envied by women many years her junior. She was not tall, but had a very charming dignity.

Nevertheless, the problem of her growing stiffness had of late increasingly obsessed the agile mind of Miss Gannet, until one day while glancing through a paper of modern tendencies she had come across a certain discreet advertisement. She read it. She saw her course at once. Monkey glands would rejuvenate her! At the very thought she felt five years younger.

She made arrangements for the operation to take place secretly as soon as possible.

Winter had come and gone, to leave no happier woman than Miss Gannet. Her vocabulary had become enlarged to include 'gazelle,' 'lissom,' 'quiver,' and 'undulate.' 'I would never have believed,' she frequently told herself, 'that any part of an animal that climbs trees and dances to a street organ could work such a miracle in me. Save for a few remembered palpitations, I feel once more a *jeune fille*.' Which is as may be.

Now the Major's concern at catching sight of the vertical axis, so to speak, of Miss Gannet on this morning of which I speak needs a little explanation. Phrasing matters as delicately as possible, one may say that it had been the lady's intention for several years to marry the Major.

They had even discussed it openly between them. After a preliminary skirmish, Tommy's master (Tommy must not be forgotten) would break out, on the defensive, 'My dear Mildred, I am quite happy as a bachelor. My household has run itself for a number of years with no friction to speak of. My habits need little castigation. I admit I like companionship; I add that I prefer it dumb; I have Tommy. I am happy. You are charming. Do not let us mix our drinks.'

To which staccato broadside Mildred — who was, when all is said and done, a lonely woman — would reply at once: 'Your happiness, Lionel, seems to me only a stupid sort of isolation. Don't, oh please, become one of those pitiable walruses who waddle from club to club in pathetic boredom, in incipient dyspepsia. I admire you, I like you —'

But at this point the Major would rise in embarrassment and walk about the room whispering: 'No, Mildred, no. I was born a bachelor. The motto beneath my crest is *Libertas et amicitia*. Let us stick to our guns. Have some more tea.' And he would bend down to fondle Tommy's head, believing securely that in the little dog's face, where no opinion was evident, all must be sympathy.

But let us keep to the events of a morning. Miss Gannet, with the vigor of one realizing a second youth, scorned the help of the elevator to lift her to the Major's flat, and climbed the flights of stairs with some show of enjoyment. Who it was that the valet was about to announce there was no need for Tommy to inform her master: he awaited the charge fully equipped, only picking up several pages from the floor and thrusting them into the grate to ensure at least a background of fire. Tommy mounted a chair slowly.

The door opened. 'Lionel, I was taking a morning walk. The weather is delightful. I thought I might just look in on you — Chloe upon Daphnis, shall we say? I am glad to find you at home.'

'Good morning, Mildred. Tommy and I have breakfasted late and are, as you see, still confined to barracks. Sit down. We are delighted to see you. Tommy, a lady wishes to sit on your chair. Away, sir.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Ah, poor little dog! But how slowly she gets down.'

'Mildred, I am worried about the animal — deeply worried. He is fifteen, not a day less, and I am afraid will not live much longer.'

'You expect the Last Post?' Miss Gannet was sly.

'I don't like to think of it,' whispered the Major. 'You know my devotion.'

This evident dismay would have touched a heart far less fond than Miss Gannet's; and indeed, though she admired Tommy only because she saw the dog's master wished her to, she felt this morning that to console the Major by all the means in her power would be an act of true charity. She wished, however, with Spartan tact, to avoid the sentimental, the diffuse.

How the wonderful idea came to her, who shall say? The Major was at first shy of her plan. His powers of judgment did not work well in the morning; and besides, he was not told of the one fact that would straightway have decided him. Mildred stayed to lunch; her gracious company and an excellent meal sharpened his decision.

'Nevertheless,' he demurred gravely, 'I should be truly sorry if the little dog suffers any pain. In fact, my dear Mildred, I should reduce you to the ranks for having suggested this business. But we will hope for the best. Have some more coffee.'

A week later the operation took place; Tommy was given fresh thyroid glands. From the first the experiment was a success. She took a new interest altogether in affairs, and even flirted in her small way with the surgeon who had performed this, the initial operation of its kind.

The Major was overwhelmed. He transformed Tommy's partition in the animal hospital into a bower of violets, — a flower of which she had always been particularly fond, — and every day brought her novel delicacies of fish and fowl. Miss Gannet sent some blue catmint and half a chicken, with a small card attached: 'To Cerberus from Beatrice.'

The experiment became known to the outside world. Newspaper men attempted to interview Major Pratts, but were ordered in military terms to depart, and were privately judged guilty of insubordination. The *Pomeranian Mail* published a supplement, with photographs of the Major's house and of the Serpentine.

A journalist found out that Miss Gannet had suggested the operation to the Major: the two were photographed together, and the old soldier's services to the nation were recalled. 'Pratts of Pretoria' — what memories of forgotten times! People began to hint at a future engagement. A well-known maker of wedding cakes sent up a card, and was stonily and summarily ordered about his business elsewhere.

The Major was furious. He had never courted public distinction, and he abhorred the powers of public opinion. The prospect of his own will being in any way coerced by rags of newspapers had never occurred to him as possible or probable. That his devotion to Tommy should be used as it were against him, to show up him and Mildred Gannet in a species of high relief before the background of the little dog's operation and its consequent fame, seemed to him in the light of his own discomfiture the work of a malignant monster. He would have been sorely tempted to prosecute — regardless of the indirect charge — had he not feared additional publicity. And what a sorry finish to a military career — to be last noted by the eyes of the world as a figure in the law courts, defending his own integrity. No; anything but that. One must grin and bear it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The day of Tommy's release arrived. Miss Gannet insisted on accompanying the Major in a taxi to bring the pet home — insisted over the telephone.

'We will go together — Cæsar and Cleopatra in a chariot.'

'I had rather you did n't come, my dear Mildred. You might excite him.'

'Nonsense, Lionel. I am as quiet as a dove.'

As they drove off with Tommy from the hospital the Major winced as he caught sight of the surgeon's face fixed into a smile of benediction upon the happy trio. Matters were becoming worse and worse! But, of course, it was Mildred's fault for having insisted on her presence this morning. Yet a further horror was in store for the unfortunate man at the hospital gates. The three of them were actually photographed as the taxi paused to turn into the street. A pressman with a large black camera secured them for posterity. The Major closed his eyes and dared not think. Had he been ten years younger he would have offered himself for further colonial service; but that was out of the question.

Tommy's renewed vitality was mercifully a redeeming joy. No sooner had they reached the flat than delighted barks and frenzied scamperings to and fro, such as the Major had not seen or heard in years, warmed his heart. Tommy had never displayed such energy and spirits before; all signs of her former lassitude and valetudinarianism seemed entirely submerged by waves of vigor.

'A miracle, Mildred. Tommy's vitality has even affected me. I trust there will be no relapse.'

Miss Gannet replied guardedly, though with warmth: 'Why should there be, Lionel? There is scarcely ever any reaction. But you must look after her. Perhaps a woman's care —'

'Stifling! Disastrous! I am perfectly capable.' The Major walked across the morning-room and opened the French windows that led on to the balcony. Throwing them back he breathed deeply, as if the very idea of any but himself tending Tommy constrained him.

Mildred smiled and prepared to take her leave.

The Major turned. 'I am uncharitable. Forgive me. The manners of the messroom. Won't you stay to lunch?'

No, Miss Gannet could not stay. Nevertheless the Major, strictly against his own rules, opened a bottle of champagne at his solitary meal and drank long to Tommy's health, to the damnation of the press, and lastly — with some hesitation, and warmed by his first two toasts — to Mildred Gannet. Afterward he sat in the morning-room, smoked a cigar, and in his usual individual manner began to read a book. Tilting and uncertain, the pages fluttered down to the carpet.

Tommy was irrepressible. The Major could not concentrate upon his reading, but looked up every other moment to watch the little dog scampering about the room and biting here at a tassel, there at a swaying curtain, as nimble as a puppy.

In the hour of triumph prepare for catastrophe. A downward fluttering page from the Major's hand, being caught playfully by a sudden fresh breeze from the long windows, flashed down the room, and, returning as quickly on a counterblast from the open door, twirled in captivating circles on to the little balcony, where it paused for a moment, hovering. As might be expected, Tommy, with her new vivacity, could not forbear such a chase. Down the room whirled the page; down the room scampered Tommy. Toward the balcony she followed, in yelping pursuit, while

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Major started to his feet in alarm. Too late! High over the balustrade sailed the page. Up leaped Tommy, paused in sudden realization of danger, scrambled, overbalanced, slipped. Three stories is a long and fatal fall for a little dog.

A month later, with something of military ceremony, Major Pratts and Miss Mildred Gannet were married at a quiet but eminently Christian church in Mayfair. How much it was his own sincere wish to marry, the Major will never now discuss, and indeed it is scarcely good form to ask it of him.

The press had given the unfortunate gentleman little rest. If the interest aroused by the late Tommy's operation and renewed life had seemed large, that stimulated by her death had been out of all proportion, and had cast a faint but very unpleasant shadow of absurdity over those concerned. The Major was nearly distracted both by his grief and by the 'insubordination' of the papers.

The loss of Tommy meant to him all that he had feared. He was lonely. 'One must have companionship,' he repeated to himself, while, to his own surprise, he came gradually to the conclusion — after all, a source of consolation to him when he had finally arrived at it — that he would be happier married. And Mildred Gannet was, as we know, very fond of him. The bridesmaids wore violets.

The newly wed pair have been living lately in a pleasant house in the country near Reading. Mildred has lost nothing of the vigor of her second youth. But not very long since, at a dinner party at which the Pratts were not present, one of the Major's friends was heard to ask innocently whether it was from a purely memorial motive that the old soldier had recently had several new balconies added to the upper rooms of his home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fourteen More Points

The Nation and the Athenæum of London has launched an original idea to discover the religious prejudices of its readers. Enclosed in every copy of the August 21 issue was a large sheet entitled 'Questionnaire on Religious Belief.' The subscribers were invited to answer 'Yes' or 'No' to a list of fourteen questions, with the understanding that their names would be kept strictly confidential. Here are the questions: —

1. Do you believe in a personal God?
2. Do you believe in an impersonal, purposive, and creative power of which living beings are the vehicle, corresponding to the Life Force, the *Élan Vital*, the Evolutionary Appetite, and so forth?
3. Do you believe that the basis of reality is matter?
4. Do you believe in personal immortality?
5. Do you believe that Jesus Christ was divine in a sense in which all living men could not be said to be divine?
6. Do you believe in any form of Christianity?
7. Do you believe in the Apostles' Creed?
8. Do you believe in any of the tenets of the Church?
9. Are you an active member of any church?
10. Do you voluntarily attend religious service regularly?
11. Do you accept the first chapter of Genesis as historical?
12. Do you regard the Bible as inspired in a sense in which the literature of your own country could not be said to be inspired?
13. Do you believe in transubstantiation?
14. Do you believe that Nature is indifferent to our ideals?

If any of our readers are interested, we are sure that *The Nation and the Athenæum* would be only too pleased to receive their answers to these questions. Their editor invited whoever sends in a list of answers to sign his name, simply as a guaranty of good faith, and with the understanding that it will not be published. The address of the paper is 38 Great James Street, London, W.C. 1.

Our Mr. Nathan Rebuked

Mr. St. John Ervine has just devoted an entire week's worth of attention in the London *Observer* to 'an odd and entertaining book' by the modest Mr. George Jean Nathan, entitled *The Autobiography of an Attitude*. With his American colleague's judgments on the drama Mr. Ervine has little fault to find. With his enthusiasm for the United States as the home of civilized living our delicate Englishman takes issue. It is hardly credible that an inhabitant of London should complain even about American restaurants, and anyone who has been held up in a British fog will believe that Mr. Ervine is indulging in light satire when he compares the toy trains of England to the mighty American expresses. We leave it to our readers to decide for themselves whether or not Mr. Ervine really means us to take the following passage seriously: —

'When I remember how fine were the meals I got in private houses in America, I marvel that any American ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wastes a minute of his time in American hotels or restaurants. They are the world's worst! A hotel-keeper in America imagines that when he has given you a whole set of gadgets and fancy plumbing, with express lifts and Robot bell-boys and a host of mechanical fal-lals that no reasonable person needs or desires, he has given you a comfortable hotel! I can understand *him* thinking so, but I cannot understand Mr. Nathan thinking so. And there is not in all of Europe a railroad one fiftieth so well managed and so well run as the Pennsylvania, is n't there, Mr. Nathan? Well, my lad, the next time you come to London I shall take you to Paddington and put you into a carriage in the Great Western Railway and let you see what a real railway is like; and when I've brought you back from Cornwall, I'll take you to Euston and put you in the night express for Scotland and let you see, not only a well-managed and well-run railway, but a sleeping berth in which a civilized person can take his rest. The sleeping berths of America! Oh, boy! I crossed the Atlantic in a gale that lasted for five days and kept me on the sea two days longer than I wanted to be on it, but not a single dish fell off the dining-room tables. On my first railway journey in America, the engine-driver was so clumsy that he was unable to start his train without throwing the whole of my dinner into my lap. There is not one engine-driver in America who is fit to serve as an oiler and greaser to a British engine-driver. And that 's not extravagant boast; it is a plain statement of plain fact.'

Trudy's Triumph

THERE is nothing quite like an Englishman for taking the wind out of your sails. Here is poor little Gertrude Ederle going all the way across the ocean to swim the English Channel in record time. Possibly the American press slopped over just a trifle in its accounts of her success, and of course there were a number of popular English journals that printed her opinions on jazz and the younger generation just as seriously as if she were Dean Inge, Calvin Coolidge, or the late Gerald Chapman speaking. But the really toney section of the English press, from whose columns the *Living Age* regales its readers, was suspiciously sniffy. No doubt it was male journalists who were to blame, but in taking the hysteria so much to heart they left one suspecting them of jealousy. It is so hard to get used to a world in which a swimmer's musical tastes command more respect than the judgments of the most accomplished bass-drum impresario.

'Students of the new pathology,' begins the light-hearted leader-writer of the *Westminster Gazette*, 'of the age in which we live may have some amusing if not instructive comments to make on the week-end glorification of the bright young American girl who has succeeded in swimming the Channel in record time. It is not to be denied that much physical endurance and cheerful courage went to the making of this record, and we do not grudge the young lady and "pop" and "mummy" the family joy brought by this exceptional event.'

One shivers to think of the pall that would have been cast over the Ederle ménage had the *Westminster Gazette* decided to begrudge them their hard-earned cup of pleasure. And if any English paper had had the temerity to deny that physical endurance and cheerful courage went to the making of this record, international complications might well have ensued.

What bothers the *Westminster*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gazette and its like is the 'ridiculous hyperbole' indulged in by certain creatures that once were men. Sir Nicholas Grattan-Doyle, M.P., announces that 'the myth that woman is the weaker vessel is shattered, and shattered forever,' and Mr. Robert Blatchford believes that woman has achieved centuries of evolution in the last three decades. Obviously this is all most annoying; but if England can once get used to living in a world where Channel swimmers and Charleston dancers, M.P.'s and Congressmen, are suffered gladly and daily, her highbrows may recall what they have so often reminded us about good sportsmanship.

How to Master Your Audience

THE Central Committee of the League of Communist Youth in Moscow has just published a curious booklet entitled *The Art of Oratory: Aid to Young Speakers*, which has run to three editions. A laudatory reviewer in the official Moscow *Pravda* quotes the following paragraphs: —

'At the meeting, before your turn has come, take a comfortable seat as much in evidence as possible, and write notes so that people can see you; make remarks concerning the election of the chairman in a loud, confident tone, and ask to be heard on questions relating to the organization of the meeting. Thus, even before you appear on the platform, the audience will know you, and take it for granted that you are not quite like everybody else, but a man of an order apart. Before you have spoken your first words people will be asking themselves, "What is this one going to say?" You are assured attention.'

And further: —

'Your posture, your style, the degree of your official manner or pompousness, must be suited to the place. It need not be emphasized that it is most advantageous to speak between two weak orators. You must be well rested, neither sleepy nor hungry, and in perfectly normal condition, the day of the speech and the day before. If your mouth or throat feels dry, take a drink of water. Clear your throat freely, without embarrassment, whenever you need to — but of course it will look bad to do it too often. If you feel worried, do not try to smile — keep a straight face.'

'The result,' *Pravda* says, citing Bukharin, will be 'everything all right, brief-case, Party pin, and other attributes of an irreproachable Communist — growing into a considerable scoundrel.'

'British Goods Are Best'

THOSE of us who are lucky enough to get mail from England have all been deeply touched by these words which have appeared in place of the usual cancellation mark over the postage stamp. We have scrapped our Fords, thrown our French cosmetics down the sink, cast our Czechoslovakian matches and Swedish razors into the fiery furnace, and rushed out to buy British products, persuaded by the simple logic of this statement. We are therefore not surprised to hear that the Government is now planning to sell this privilege to private firms, and the Londoner may soon expect to see his morning mail proclaiming the virtues of Bovril, Haig and Haig, and other typically British products. But if he does, it will be over the dead bodies of certain interests.

For this proposal has aroused no little opposition. The two great London department stores, Harrod's and Selfridge's, complain that catalogues advertising their goods may contain on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the outside a stamp urging the prospective customer to trade with somebody else — and besides, they ingenuously add, such methods of doing business are extremely distasteful to people of refined sensibilities. The advertising manager of Lever Brothers prophesies that the scheme will not succeed anyway, and likens it to the device employed during the Boer War of putting firms' advertising on the back of stamps so that people would see it as they licked the mucilage. Legal authorities are also up in arms, and suggest that the addressee might have a small case for damages against the Post Office. At the moment the Government is marking time, having substituted 'Come to Britain' in place of the 'British Goods Are Best' joke. The hope is that, if foreigners respond in sufficient numbers to this new appeal, there will be no need for advertising the virtues of the tight little island.

Let Georges Do It

SINCE M. Clemenceau refused to answer, or even read, Senator Borah's reply to his first letter on war debts, the *Manchester Guardian* felt called upon to write what it felt the Tiger would have been likely to say. This is the imaginary result: —

MY DEAR SENATOR, —

A thousand thanks for your letter, which I have hastened to refrain from reading. It is, as I dare say you have remarked in the course of it, far from the kind of summer we should have desired, but possibly (as I presume you will have observed) the weather will improve later. To Madame Borah, who (if she exists) will, I am sure, have joined in the kind regards which you are certain to have conveyed to me, I present my profound and cordial respects. In the matter of war debts two positions are possible — either we see eye to eye on the subject, or we do not. As I have not acquainted myself with the contents of your letter, the point is undiscovered, and therefore does not arise.

I have the felicity, dear Senator, to express to you my unending and completely unprejudiced admiration.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

Try and Get It

THE attempt of the British Labor Party to raise money in the United States for impoverished coal strikers has drawn down the fury of the Conservative press. Most of the complaints are in prose, but the *Morning Post* felt so deeply moved that 'Touchstone' — who on this occasion we suspect is Ian Colvin, the editor of the paper — has broken out in verse, writing what purports to be an imaginary letter from Ramsay MacDonald to Miss Ellen Wilkinson, one of the Labor M.P.'s on the American Mission. This is the way it goes: —

DEAR ELLEN, —
I 'm writing this letter,
Though not very keen upon one,
Because Comrade Cook thinks I 'd better,
And therefore it has to be done.
It is hard to be really enthusing
And to work up the requisite sob;
But I fear if I spoke of refusing
That David might take on the job.

I can't shout too loud of 'starvation,'
For that would be clearly untrue;
But at least I can speak of privation,
And I venture to hope that will do.
You can ask for financial assistance
On the ground that the men on the whole
Lead a very much harder existence
Than if they were gathering coal.

You can speak of their noble endeavor,
Of a spirit undaunted and fine,
But don't dwell upon Cook's 'Never, never!'
That is n't a popular line.
Don't mention that while you are working
I'm taking my ease by the sea,
Or the Yanks might believe I was shirking.
Fraternally,

RAMSAY MACD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Aus Meiner Dienstzeit, 1906–1918, by Field-Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorf. Vienna: 1926. 56 schillings.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THIS is the fifth volume of the memoirs of Field-Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorf, and probably the last, as the author died on August 25, 1925, in his seventy-third year. Considering the scale of his work, to finish it he would have had to live another twenty years and to fill another fifteen volumes (not counting map supplements); the present installment, comprising one thousand large pages of text and some forty maps in a separate case, covers but the three concluding months of 1914. Seeing, on the other hand, the way in which his work is done, it might almost equally well be continued by somebody else, if the publishers are prepared to continue it. What Conrad has given us in his memoirs, and especially in the last volume, is a vast compilation of notes and documents, dumped down in masses, uncemented by a reasoned analysis, and therefore not suited for the ordinary reader, and not even for the military expert, unless he specializes on the very subject.

This, one might have thought, would impart a touch of drama to the work; but it does not — he lived and died unchanged in mind and unshaken in conceit. His comments, wherever they occur, take mostly the character of nagging accusations, and are practically of no value, except as showing his narrow, bitter, unteachable mind; but it is this spiritual poverty and blindness which make him truthful almost beyond anything which a more self-critical person could attain. Never has a man responsible for a war drawn up such an indictment against himself as Conrad in his memoirs; seldom has an unsuccessful general admitted so much as he has in the fourth and fifth volumes; but then never was any man more firmly convinced to the very end that no blame could possibly attach to his own person.

According to him, the Germans were responsible for the Austrian military disasters. 'We were fooled by the Germans, in diplomatic as well as in military matters,' is his thesis. The Germans did not finish with France in the time they had expected, and at the very outset, because of Italy's neutrality, had not been able to send as many divisions to the Russian front as had originally been planned; and Hindenburg, with the very scant forces under his command, won in East Prussia most spectacular victories over armies several times more numerous than his own, instead of marching where Conrad wanted him, but where he would have had none of the advantages which enabled him to win them. No doubt, for sentimental reasons, the Germans were unduly preoccupied with East Prussia, and they have paid a heavy price for it. What probably annoyed Conrad most was the way in which some Vienna circles extolled the Germans, often beyond their real merit, and treated their own armies with a cynical, self-depreciating resignation, which lacked dignity, though not some justification. The chief of the Emperor's Military Cabinet, Baron von Bolfras, wrote to Conrad on October 14, 1914: 'I have by now submitted to His Majesty some 1600 recommendations for decorations, and in doing so have observed some rather characteristic things. Much good-will and smartness are mentioned; much stopping of *panics;* frequently gathering in of scattered troops; holding out in difficult positions; defense and saving of A.S.C. transports, and so forth.' Or, again, on October 18: 'The events of this war show how little *flair* we had in choosing our generals and also our regimental commanders.' It hardly needs saying that it was Conrad and not Bolfras who was primarily responsible for the choice.

First Essays on Advertising, by J. Murray Allison. London: Palmer and Company, 1926. 11*s.* 6*d.*

Bigger Results from Advertising, by Harold Herd. London: Allan and Company, 1926. 9*s.*

[*Spectator*]

IN *First Essays on Advertising,* Mr. Allison, who was for many years advertising expert of the *Times,* writes with authority and long experience of the practical needs of the present and with vision of the future; so that the theorist as well as the business man can hardly fail to be impressed with the position which publicity must occupy in our lives.

At the present moment from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 a year is being spent on advertising by hard-headed men who find it a vital necessity to their business. Perhaps ten per cent of this indeterminate sum is wasted, although it has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been shown that even bad advertising is generally better than none at all. Perhaps also some of the publicity — for Bacchus and Venus — is directed toward unworthy objects. But this is a side track from the main argument, which is that advertising has already brought us better bread, better diet, better boots and transport, more reading and traveling, wider and keener contacts with life, and that it may be used in the future to make us also healthier, happier, and possibly wiser.

Publicity is the expression of the urge to which all life is subject, to be and to become. Probably it is as old as life itself. The complicated advertisements of birds and beasts at mating time, of which Professor Huxley writes so fascinatingly, are examples to the point. Every peacock is a poster.

Publicity is no new art, although in its modern aspect it is entering on great new powers. Mr. Allison proves very clearly and simply how it makes increased production possible and therefore cheapens the article for the public. If advertising ceased, we should pay more for everything in common use to-day, and should get less value for our money. Three quarters of our luxuries and our newspapers and magazines — as at present produced — would vanish. The general strike taught us how much — perhaps too much — we have come to rely on the printed word.

One curious thing about advertising is that competition helps the competitors. Advertising wars are the only wars in which both or all the protagonists win. This has been often proved; here in England the cocoa manufacturers began to advertise against each other and they all made fortunes. Then came a 'cigarette war.' Now the perfume-makers are starting a campaign. Two years ago a leading scent-maker told Mr. Allison that the saturation point had been reached in his industry. But there is 'no sich thing' as a saturation point, and to-day *Vogue* publishes more than forty pages of perfume advertisements in its three editions.

Here are a few ideas out of a hundred sparks which fly from a turning of Mr. Allison's pages: Why not insist on labeling British eggs? Foreign eggs should be labeled too, so that when you see 'Laid in Japan' stamped on the shell you know what to expect! Why don't architects advertise? And dentists? And stockbrokers, who now leave the field open to the bucket shops? Why is n't there a good standard brand of rope and string advertised? Why don't banks explain to us the advantages of thrift? Why don't life insurance companies tell us clearly and often what their agents urge on us in conversation?

There is no space to do more than commend Mr. Herd's *Bigger Results from Advertising*. This book largely deals with the mail-order business, but it also contains some very useful hints for anyone managing a business. There is also some highly interesting information as to the difference in 'pulling' power between a well and badly written advertisement and as to the psychology of the follow-up letter. As regards the former, Mr. Herd records a case where one bright advertisement elicited fifty-four letters, whereas the same space in the same newspaper on a similar day, with poor text, 'pulled' only twenty-six replies. Chapters on office routine and 'feeling the public pulse' are excellent of their kind, but too technical for comment here. Mr. Herd's book may be commended to business men, Mr. Allison's to a wider public also. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner:* if advertising in England is sometimes crude and coarse, we shall change it, not by flouts and jeers, which cannot alter the operation of an economic law, but by a better understanding of its present functions and future powers.

The Emerald, by Hilaire Belloc. London: Arrowsmith, 1926. *7s. 6d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is a remarkably fecund as well as versatile author. He rarely repeats himself, and in his time he must have experimented in at least a score of literary types. It is surprising, therefore, to learn that this is his first attempt at a detective story, but as the information comes from himself it is doubtless authoritative. Almost needless to say, now that he has set himself to a detective story, the outcome proves to be not at all an orthodox specimen of its kind. In fact, its only essential link with its genre is that it has a detective in it. He is, however, its least successful figure, because he comes straight out of comic opera, — one had almost said out of revue, — whereas the other characters, though heavily scored with caricature, maintain some affiliation with reality. A further difference from the ordinary detective tale is that it contains no mystery hidden from the reader until the last chapter. The secret is given away at the outset. The story, in short, is not anywhere one of crime; it is a kind of psychological extravaganza shot through with a peculiarly mordant vein of social satire. The satire is so incessant and so bitter at times that it is almost misanthropy, but there is no mistaking the intense cleverness or the singularly amusing quality of the book. It is sure of a considerable sale in this country, and possibly of an immense vogue in America, where it is quite likely to be accepted as an authentic picture of the decadent life of the British ruling class. It is illustrated by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who again proves his own versatility by a series of exceedingly clever and characteristic drawings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The International Anarchy, 1904–1914, by G. Lowes Dickinson. The Century Company, New York and London, 1926. $3.50.

THE belief that war is inconsistent with any state of society of which men need not be ashamed is not original with the present generation. And unless the teachings of such a book as *The International Anarchy* are heeded and made principles of action by individuals and States, this generation will not be the first to prefer the familiar habits and the familiar fears of our state of shame to the unfamiliar courage and humanity which would make possible something better. Mr. Dickinson's theme is the story of secret diplomacy, of treaties which avow the purpose of the signatories to keep the peace, or to preserve the integrity of some small Power, but which expressly provide for the event of war or for the plunder of a Morocco, a Tripoli, a China; the story of the incredibly intricate and shoddy intrigues which worked behind the scenes in Europe, in the Near and Far East, and in Africa, until the millions were called out to destroy each other and as much of Western civilization as they could.

We have been urged to believe, in America, that secret diplomacy is vicious — how vicious, no ordinary man, even to-day, can easily conceive. But Mr. Dickinson, with patient and exhaustive scholarship, has beaten a plain path through the tangled and noxious undergrowth of international relationships leading up to the last catastrophe. In his investigations of treaties, telegrams, alliances, naval and military conventions, memoranda of diplomats, conferences, personalities, and policies, questions of the particular responsibility of any nation or group of nations become picayune. The myth of the solitary guilt of the Central Powers vanishes into thin air. The opportunity is left for all men to understand the significance of the 'anarchy of armed States' in which the world still lives, and to resolve whether that anarchy shall be allowed to continue.

That the existence of armaments is a cause of war, not of security; that it is impossible to distinguish between 'aggressive' and 'defensive' wars; that the 'balance of power' means the effort of one group of nations to weigh heavier in the beam than some other; that in the state of 'armed anarchy' the Powers expect and prepare for war, and endeavor to ensure for themselves the maximum rewards when the conflict comes, and the greatest protection against defeat by alliances against potential enemies; that all the Great Powers participated and still participate in this condition — such are some of the theses which the author proves *ad nauseam*. And while dramatic interest is of small consequence in such a work, the degraded story of international quarrels, fears, and bargains, always with the threat of deaths by tens of thousands held in reserve, grows more and more absorbing as the author proceeds, with deepening eloquence, in his analysis. His comments upon the documents he cites seem to be dictated by the situation itself. Their terrible ironies are shaped by the unaided facts as no literary invention could shape them. But there is intellectual height in their simplicity. So might the abstract conscience of mankind lament with itself in bitter accusation.

On his first page the author invites his reader to 'forget that he is an Englishman and remember that he is a man; for it is the future of mankind that is at stake.' Is it too much to hope that Americans will make the same use of *The International Anarchy?* For the battle of Europe is our own, as we learned in the struggle that inspired this great book.

Hellas, by Georg Brandes. Authorized translation by Jacob W. Hartmann. New York: The Adelphi Company, 1926. $2.50.

THOSE who wish to strengthen into bonds of friendship a casual acquaintance with Greeks, past and present, cannot do better than to take with them to Greece Georg Brandes's *Hellas* as a letter of introduction. The book is enlightening, and readable as well, to those who do their journeying vicariously, and the great Dane proves himself an agreeable fireside companion, presenting the Iliad and Odyssey to us with as living a touch as he does the Greece of to-day in its tragic collapse. Unlike some scholars, Georg Brandes does not assume too much knowledge on the part of his readers, and we swim pleasantly through the volume without the terrifying sensation of being too far above our depth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4c LITTLE BLUE BOOKS Until Nov. 30 at 4c

Greatest Bargain Sale in Publishing History—Your Choice of Great Books at 4c per Copy—Rush Your Order Today

To Secure 1,000,000 New Readers, Little Blue Books Are Offered at 4c Each Until November 30, 1926—Order Your Winter's Reading Today

MILLION NEW READERS WANTED

1,000,000 new readers are wanted for the Little Blue Books—hence this amazing bargain sale at 4c per copy. Look over this list and place your order according to instructions below. You have only until midnight, Nov. 30, 1926.

58 Tales from Decameron.
672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life
14 What Girls Should Know. Sanger
653 What Boys Should Know. Fielding
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
690 Man's Sexual Life
689 Woman's Sexual Life
691 Child's Sexual Life
692 Homosexual Life
74 Physiology of Sex Life
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
98 How to Love. Wood
556 Hints on Etiquette
893 Five Hundred Riddles
6 Love, etc. Maupassant
23 Great Sea Stories
78 Hints on Public Speaking
82 Common Faults in Writing English
91 Manhood: Life Facts Presented to Men
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
145 Great Ghost Stories
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
166 English as She is Spoke. Mark Twain
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
189 Eugenics. Ellis
192 Book of Synonyms
203 Love Rights of Women
208 Birth Control Debate
209 Aspects of Birth Control
217 Puzzle of Personality
231 Humorous Sketches
239 26 Men and Girl. Gorki
286 Prostitution in Ancient World
292 Mlle Fifi, etc. Maupassant
336 Mark of the Beast, etc.
639 Most Essential English Words
648 Rejuvenation; New Fountain of Youth
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
668 Humorous Fables
681 Spelling Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
823 Composition Self Taught
696 How to Pronounce 4,000 Proper Names
697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
717 Modern Sex Morality
726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
734 Book of Useful Phrases
746 Daughter of Eve. Harris
795 Gunga Din. Kipling
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
815 Book of Familiar Quotations
821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
800 Sex in Psycho-analysis
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
56 Dictionary of Slang
1062 Humoresque. Hurst
152 Son of the Wolf. London
907 Sex Obsessions
1023 Popular Recitations
1088 Truth about Mussolini
288 Tales of Far North. London
835 Book of Useful Tables
847 How to Play Card Games
855 How to Write Letters
856–857 Arithmetic Self Taught (2 vols.)
864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
868 General Hints on Self-Improvement
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
883 Debate on Capital Punishment
884 Debate on Prohibition
886 Piece of String, etc.
887 Necklace, etc. Maupassant
894 How to Advertise
895 Astronomy for Beginners
903 Facts About Syphilis
3 Voltaire's Essays
12 Poe's Tales of Mystery
13 Man and His Ancestors
20 Nasby's Let's Laugh
21 Merimee's Carmen
24 The Kiss, etc. Chekhov
25 Rhyming Dictionary
32 Poe's Poems
34 Mystery of Iron Mask
42 Origin of Human Race
43 Debate on Marriage and Divorce
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
46 Wilde's Salome
69 Dumas' Mary, Queen of Scots
73 Whitman's Poems
77 What Great Men Have Said About Women
84 Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater
97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
107 Dream-Woman. Collins
108 Fall of House of Usher. Poe
122 Spiritualism Debate
125 War Speeches of Wilson
126 History of Rome
127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know
130 Controversy on Christianity
133 Principles of Electricity
141 Life of Napoleon
143 Time of Terror, etc.
149 Crimes and Criminals
150 Lost Civilizations
151 Man Who Would be King, etc. Kipling
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
162 Murders in Rue Morgue
176 Four Sex Essays. Ellis
186 How I Wrote "The Raven." Poe
862 German Self Taught
1021 Italian Self Taught
1025 Casey at the Bat, etc
995 How to Play the Piano
1081 Best Jewish Jokes
992 Sinner Sermons. Howe
83 Evolution of Marriage
129 Rome or Reason?
1031 How to Own Your Home
1043 A Study of Woman
1046 Coquette vs. a Wife
1056 Devil's Dictionary
1057 N. Y.'s Chinatown
1068 Pickwick Papers
1069 Conquest of Fear
1080 Tales of Haunted Houses
1019 Bluebeard's 8 Wives
1032 Home Vegetable Gardening
959 American Humor
188 Munchausen's Adventures
191 Evolution vs. Dogma
199 Tallow Ball. Maupassant
214 Speeches of Lincoln
215 Miraculous Revenge
219 Human Tragedy. Anatole France
221 Women, etc. Maeterlinck
222 Vampire. Kipling
232 Three Strangers. Hardy
275 Building of the Earth
277 Man Without a Country. Hale
284 Robert Burns' Poems
290 Gold Bug. Poe
291 Jumping Frog. Mark Twain
304 What Great Women Have Said About Men
314 Dandet's Short Stories
321 History of Evolution
326 How to Write Short Stories
332 Man Who Was, etc.
333 Mulvaney Stories
343 Diary of Columbus
344 Don Juan, etc. Balzac
352 Morris' Short Stories
382 Lincoln's Humor
394 Boswell's Life of Johnson
395 Cellini: Fiery-Hearted Sculptor
397 Irish Fairy Tales
398 Irish Folk Songs
399 Sinbad the Sailor
400 Ali Baba; Aladdin
403 History of Music
405 Outline of Economics
414 Art of Happiness
417 Nature of Dreams
428 Essence of Koran
432 Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde's Life
465 Esperanto for Beginners
482 Five Weeks in a Balloon
485 Voyage to Moon. Verne
491 Psychology for Beginners
498 Greek and Roman Mythology
499 Dictionary Classical Mythology
513 Travels of Marco Polo
514 How to Write Poetry
524 Death and Its Problems
538 Tales of Robin Hood
540 Stories of Many Hues
541 Brightly Colored Tales
554 Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson
559 Robinson Crusoe
561 African Jungle Tales
568 Darwin and Evolution
577 Eliot's Lifted Veil
603 A-B-C Electron Theory
604 Life of Roosevelt
609 Are Planets Inhabited?
620 Pilgrim's Progress
621 Disraeli's Wit and Wisdom
627 History of Jews
629 Handbook of Legal Forms
974 Ordeal of Prohibition
65 Golden Sayings. Aurelius
1006 Children's Games
1040 Bedtime Stories
1027 Sherlock Holmes Mysteries
1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
1085 Love-Life of Sand
1101 Sherlock Holmes Problems
941 Gruesome Tales. Poe
1086 My Favorite Murder
1048 Gargantua. Rabelais
175 Hindu Book of Love
747 Duse's Love Affair
909 Amorous Tales of Monks
1097 Memory Improvement
985 Psycho-Analysis of America
1002 Dictionary of Sea Terms
938 French Tales of Cruelty
663 Journalism in Tennessee. Mark Twain
694 Evidence of Evolution
679 Chemistry for Beginners
685 Hints on Interior Decoration
698 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
703 Physiology Self Taught
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
738 Poor Richard's Almanac
741 Poems of Whittier
749 Camping Manual
753 Essence of Catholicism
761 Food and Diet
771 Bill Nye's Humor
83 Mandalay. Kipling
787 Harlot's House, and Other Poems. Wilde
797 20 Years Among African Negroes
827 Life Among Monkeys
831 Crossword Puzzle Book
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella
833 Life Among Ants
840 Lies of Our Civilization. Nordau
851 Sources of Bible Myths
861 Behaviorism: New Psychology
866 Untold Lie, etc. Anderson
867 Cicero's Letters
871 Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise
872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
888 Memoirs of Mme. de Stael
904 Sex Symbolism
910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow vs. Starr
950 Determination of Sex
912 God from Machine, etc.
2 Wilde's Reading Jail
53 Darrow's Insects and Men
62 Religion and Pantheism. Schopenhauer
90 Gilbert's Mikado
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
293 Villon: Poet and House-breaker
301 Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs
342 Hints on News Reporting
437 How to Write Scenarios
517 Life of Mark Twain
628 Making of Old Testament
669 Josh Billings' Humorous Epigrams
687 U. S. Constitution
727 Psychology of Affections
640 Apostate. Jack London
764 How to Write Book Reviews
870 Facts About Tuberculosis
816 Shakespearian Quotations
1042 Red Inn. Balzac
1045 A Mad Sweetheart
1075 Ghouls and Ghosts
1034 Spanish Humor
674 The Falcon, etc.
15 Atheist's Mass, etc.
66 Crimes of Borgias
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents
7 Huxley's Liberal Education
76 Bryan's Prince of Peace
323 Life of Joan of Arc
778 Environment of Life
745 Harris' Montes: Matador and Lover
710 Botany for Beginners

ORDER BEFORE NOVEMBER 30

These titles are selected from a large list: complete catalogue mailed on request. Figure your order at 4c per copy (Minimum order 25 books), and add 1c per copy for packing and carriage charges; that is, remit at the rate of 5c per book. There is no other charge of any kind. No C. O. D. or collect orders accepted during this sale. Canadian and foreign price is 6c per book. ORDER BY NUMBER: To order "Carmen" put down "21." Order at least 25 books ($1.25 prepaid). Send money order, check (add 10c for exchange), or cash with all orders.

Haldeman-Julius Co., Dept. A-8 Girard, Kansas

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll Want to Read all of Everything in the October Scribner's

THE October Scribner's is just published and you'll want to read every article, every story, every department, every poem in it.

* * *

Hendrik Willem van Loon and an Anonymous Professor lead the number with spirited articles on very modern topics.

* * *

The famous historian calls his piece "The Triumph of Applesauce."

* * *

The professor sees the game of football in a new light, expressing a point of view hitherto unheard.

* * *

The biograph of an outstanding personality this month is that of Eugene O'Neill by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Dr. Quinn writes an interesting estimate of the leading American playwright from intimate knowledge.

* * *

Edward W. Bok makes his first public statement on importing nightingales. "Does a Nightingale Really Sing?" is a charming piece and amusing, done in Mr. Bok's best manner.

* * *

Two aspects of our changing America are presented in "The Passing of the Country Store" by Will Rose and "Exit Mammy" by Malcolm Vaughan.

* * *

Can you find six such articles in any other magazine this month?

* * *

J. Ranken Towse, distinguished critic, writes an article which every one who loves dogs will read. "The Reasoning Faculty in Dogs" is written from 80 years of companionship with canine friends. Some of his stories are priceless.

* * *

And — look at the fiction!

Roger Burlingame's latest story, "Jacinth," by far his best.

* * *

"Leaves from a Country Doctor's Notebook" by N. D. Marbaker, the new writer whose debut is one you should not miss. Five short stories in the space of one.

* * *

"A Man's Work" by Bernice Kenyon, whose "The Riviera Road" in the Fiction Number drew appreciative comment all over the country.

* * *

Fairfax Downey contributes an amusing article on "Bathtubs — Early Americana."

* * *

Then, there are those three sterling critics, William Lyon Phelps, Royal Cortissoz, and Alexander Dana Noyes.

* * *

You'll find interest and enjoyment in all the twenty features — a varied offering to those who want some sparkle, some stimulation in their reading.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED